

The tall Texas lady who lassoed Mick Jagger

**The tax revolt:
who will suffer?**

**Intrigue over
Princess Caroline's
wedding gown**

**The O'Jays are
flying high**

June 26, 1978.75¢
14227

People

weekly

JON VOIGHT & Jane Fonda

**Their torrid
love scene in
'Coming Home'
turns him into
a reluctant
sex symbol**



Carlton is lowest.

See how Carlton stacks
down in tar. Look at the latest
U.S. Government figures for:

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Brand D Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V	11	0.7
Brand M	8	0.6
Brand M Menthol	8	0.5
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than 1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than *1	*0.1

*Av. per cigarette by FTC method

Of all brands, lowest... Carlton Box:

1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette
by FTC method.



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than
1 mg. tar.



Only
5 mg.
tar.

Carlton
brings you
the lighter
100.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77.

Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine, 100 mm: 5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.



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Do expect wonderful weather. You won't be disappointed. Our average annual temperature is 78°, with only a 6° difference between our warmest and coolest months. It's always perfect for enjoying our beautiful golf courses, crescent beaches, and sparkling waters.

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For further information contact the nearest Puerto Rico Tourism Company. Atlanta, Chicago, Los Angeles, New York, Toronto.

RUM REVELATIONS.

Surprising facts every rum drinker should know.



Ah, what rum drinkers don't know about rum. So Myers's thinks it's time to raise some eyebrows.

The first fact of rum.

Rum comes in three shades: white, gold, and dark. Some light rums are blended to have a barely noticeable taste. Their flavor might fade in the drink. But Myers's is blended specially to be more flavorful. The Myers's comes through the mixer.



Another surprise.

Dark rum isn't any stronger than light rum. Both are the same alcoholic proof. So Myers's isn't any stronger, even though it has a tastier rum flavor.

More revelations.

Myers's is more expensive. It's imported from Jamaica where it's



made slowly, in small batches. The richer taste is worth the time. And the price.

Still another little known fact. Caribbean bartenders mix Myers's into exotic drinks made with lighter rums. They trust Myers's

to enhance the flavor. So discover for yourself the dash that Myers's adds to a simple Rum & Cola. The



extra punch Myers's adds to a Planters' Punch. Here are the recipes for your pleasure.

Myers's Planters' Punch:

Combine in shaker, 3 oz. orange juice, juice of 1/2 lemon or lime, 1 1/2 oz. Myers's. Add 1 tsp. superfine sugar and dash of grenadine. Shake well and serve in tall glass filled



with ice. Add orange slice, cherry.



Myers's Rum and Cola:

Into a highball glass, add 1 1/2 oz. Myers's Rum. Fill glass with cola beverage. Add slice of lemon or lime, and stir.

And finally, one last point.

Dark rum is better to use in cooking than light rum. Myers's adds a fuller rum flavor to foods.

Try sprinkling Myers's over grapefruit halves. It's a simple way



to create an interesting first course. Myers's makes so many rum recipes even more delicious.

So now that you know the facts, your choice should be clear:

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All other Rums
Seem Pale.

Imported by Seagram Distillers Co., 375 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, 80 Proof

People weekly

June 26, 1978 Vol. 9 No. 25

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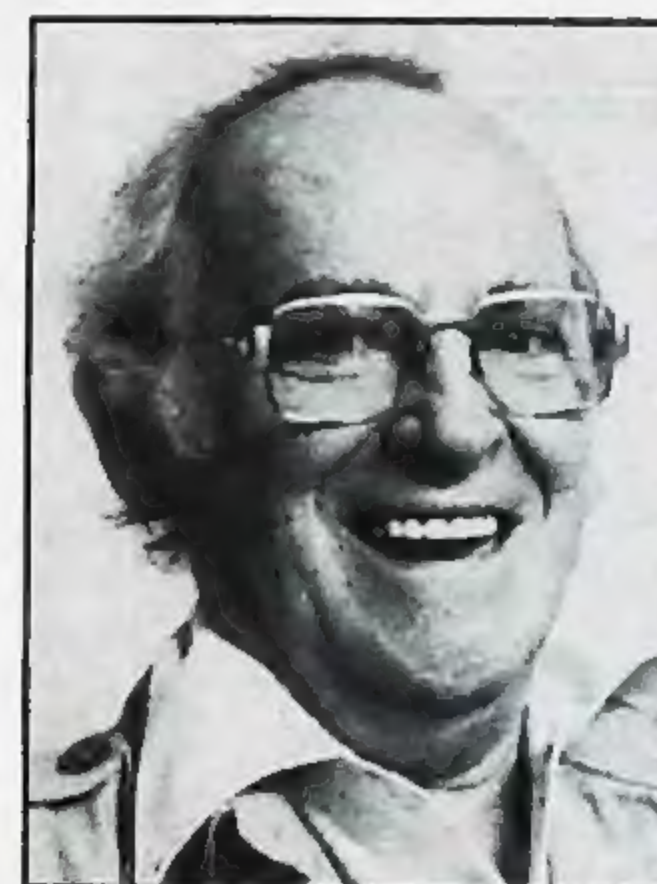
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©Steve Schapiro/Sygma

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Cinderella-nails and the Magic Wand.

A FAIRY NAIL
BY REVLON



There once was
a terribly drab
set of nails.

Orphan nails to
all appearances. Until
the Gnome arrived with his
FABU-NAIL magic wand.

Without waiting for the three-
quarter moon, the Gnome
pushed those overgrown cuticles
back with his strange and won-
drous wand. Simultaneously, the
wand released a protein-rich cream
that moisturized all those cuticles.
Cleaned and conditioned the entire
set of nails. And, did indeed, help nail
enamel last and last.

Those orphan nails now ap-
peared beautifully transformed and
ready to be kissed by a TV hero.

Our Gnome would be ex-
hausted and perhaps need psycho-
Gnome-alysis if he had to visit
every set of orphan nails himself.
So, he entrusted his FABU-NAIL
'3-IN-ONE NAIL CONDITIONER'
wand to Revlon to bring to you. And
being so sure of FABU-NAIL's powers
for good, he even made Revlon prom-
ise on the package to refund your
money if you're not satisfied.

REVLON

MAIL

Loretta Lynn & Crystal Gayle

Loretta Lynn has been the Country
Queen for 15 years (PEOPLE, June 5)
and it will take more than the likes of
Dolly Parton to knock her off her
throne. Crystal also has a way to go to
reach her sister. They are of two dif-
ferent generations with two completely
different styles. Actually, there is no
comparison.

Cindy Murabito
Oswego, N.Y.

It seems like big sister could learn a les-
son or two from little sister. Easy-does-
it with a minimum of hang-ups can get
you just as far as constant pushing and
pill popping. You're also almost
always guaranteed a longer and hap-
pier life.

Victoria Scott
Cambridge, Mass.

Lester Mondale

Egads, not another brother of one of
our illustrious leaders in trouble! May-
be both Billy and Lester should be given
government jobs. Then they'd probably
never be heard of again, which is fine
with me.

Diane Swanson
Arlington, Mass.

Frank Tanana

At spring training two years ago my 7-
year-old son took his Frank Tanana
baseball card and a pen over to the
player while he was sunbathing in the
right-field stands. Tanana grunted that
he wasn't "allowed" to sign. A few min-

utes later a braless young thing
bounced down the steps and Tanana
signed not only her card but a baseball
too and gave it to her. You made a
wrong turn when you got to the Cal-
ifornia Angels dugout. You should have
written your article on a *real* superstar
—not only as a player but, more
important, as a person—Nolan Ryan.

Mary Wolfe
Scottsdale, Ariz.

After getting Frank Tanana's auto-
graph last year, I'd rate his sexy good
looks a nine to Redford's 10. As far as
the Angels are concerned, my husband
would give Frank a nine, second, of
course, only to Nolan Ryan.

Susan Ainsworth
Hacienda Heights, Calif.

Howard Jarvis

Hurray for the common sense of the
people of California in approving Prop-
osition 13. I hope Mr. Jarvis will come
to Tennessee.

Norma Jones
Adams, Tenn.

Howard Jarvis should be up for saint-
hood. I hope New York is next.

Charles David Haskell
New York City

Dr. Lawrence Freedman

As a systems engineer with a strong av-
ocation in the analysis of social and
cultural dynamics, I am profoundly an-
noyed by Dr. Freedman's fatuous
comment: "The Moro incident is *not* an

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People
Weekly

NEXT WEEK

Princess Caroline becomes Madame Junot

The royal wedding will be a beaut—but who is this handsome
Frenchman that Grace's daughter is marrying, anyway?

Tennis playboy Vitas Gerulaitis

The Brooklyn blond is as talented as
they come, but will he leave his Wim-
bledon game on the disco floor again?

The new Cash crop is Carlene Carter

Twice divorced at 22, stepdad
Johnny... her girl takes the
...family into pop-rock

Fall Preview: Variations on a Country Theme



Botany '500® introduces Fall '78 with a definitive collection of country
sportcoats—in wool and wool blends; cashmere and camel's hair; tweeds,
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and sportcoats will soon be available at fine stores everywhere.

Botany '500

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take your camera with you

This summer, you may have to throw back some of the things that you catch with your fishing pole, but you'll want to keep everything... that you catch with your camera.

So this year, when you plan your vacation trip, plan your pictures too. And don't be afraid to get "a little help from a friend." Stop in and rap with your dealer/photofinisher before you leave... like I do.

Sammy Davis Jr.

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James W. Creson
Mountain View, Calif.

Freedman replies: "Computer experts like Weizenbaum at MIT decry all efforts to feed such complex social events, with so many value judgments, into a computer. No matter how complex the formula, the conclusions can't be any better than the data available. Garbage in, garbage out."—ED.

Clifford Alexander

My thanks to you for the fine article on me and my family. There is, however,

one item I would like to correct. During my lifetime, on different occasions I have personally encountered discrimination. I am sure this is true for the vast majority of black men and women in our country. I am sorry if I failed to convey this clearly.

Clifford L. Alexander Jr.
Secretary of the Army
Washington, D.C.

Picks & Pans

I know you couldn't list all the zoos in the country, but you did miss an exceptional one. The Cincinnati Zoo is the second oldest in the country (behind Philly) and world-renowned in several areas. They just recently opened a new outdoor home for their lowland gorillas (the zoo holds the world record for live gorilla births—10). Seven white Bengal tigers have been born there and two of them are now on permanent display (there are only 44 white Bengals in the world today). Cincinnati also has

a new insectarium and a new outdoor cat display for the snow leopards.

Melody Logue
Dayton

Cincinnati's insectarium, the only one of its kind in the nation, is expected to open in midsummer. It will house 50 varieties of insects from all over the world. In one room, butterflies will fly free.—ED.

John McDonald

All I can say about your story of John McDonald's escape from Saudi Arabia is WOW!

Robin Wiles
Durango, Colo.

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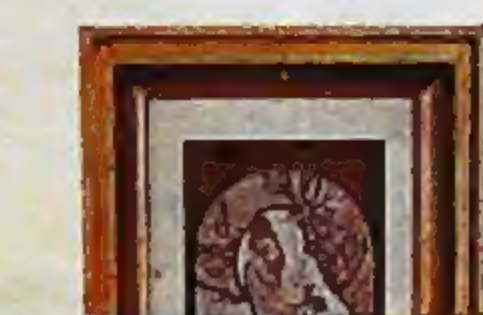
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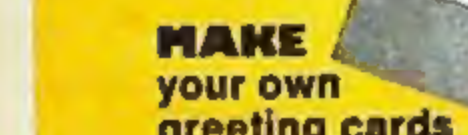
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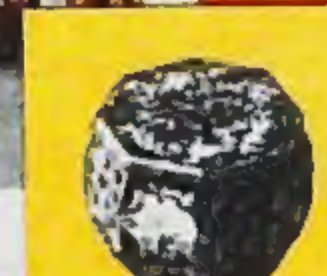
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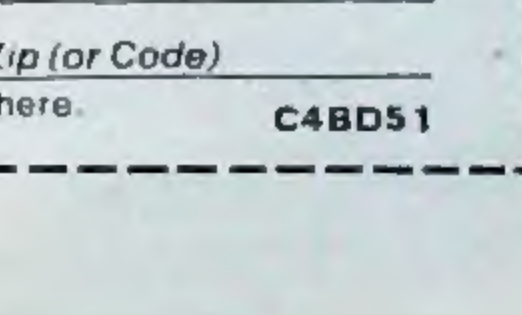
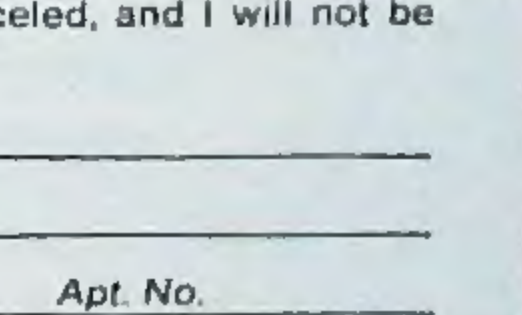
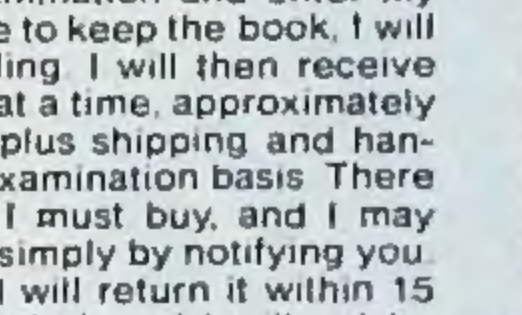
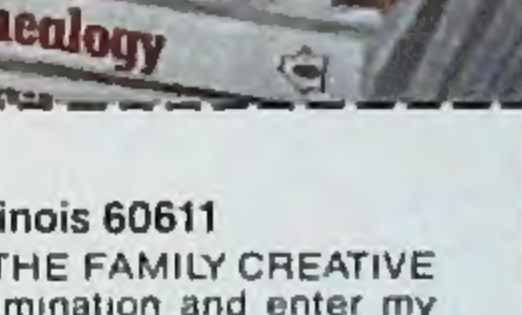
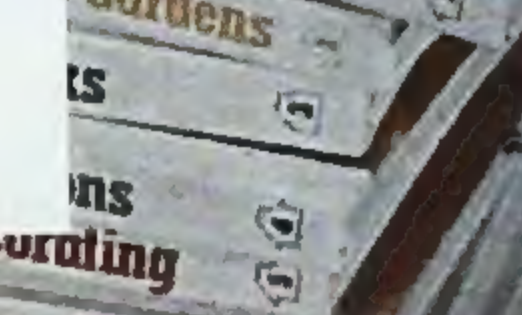
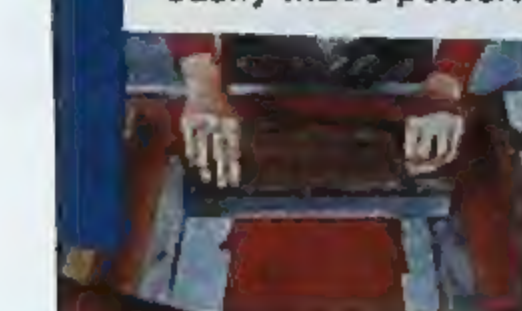


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James W. Creson
Mountain View

Freedman replies: "Computers like Weizenbaum at MIT do not like to feed such complex events, with so many values into a computer. No matter how complex the formula, the computer will be any better than the data Garbage in, garbage out."

Clifford Alexander
My thanks to you for the first me and my family. There is

one item I would like to correct. During my lifetime, on different occasions I have personally encountered discrimination. I am sure this is true for the vast majority of black men and women in our country. I am sorry if I failed to convey this clearly.

Clifford L. Alexander Jr.
Secretary of the Army
Washington, D.C.

Picks & Pans

a new insectarium and a new outdoor cat display for the snow leopards.

Melody Logue
Dayton

Cincinnati's insectarium, the only one of its kind in the nation, is expected to open in midsummer. It will house 50 varieties of insects from all over the world. In one room, butterflies will fly free.—ED.

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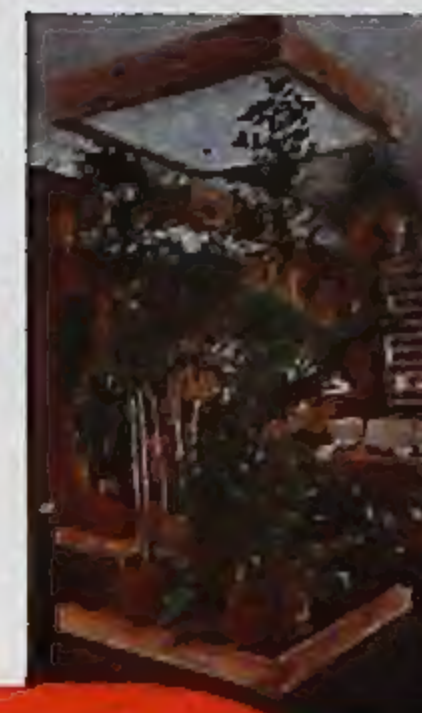
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People PICKS&PANS

A checklist of this week's noteworthy TV shows, books, movies, records and other happenings.



Tube

Judy Kahan and Rob Reiner are Lithuanian immigrants reunited on Ellis Island in *Free Country*, a new series created by the ex-Meathead.

FRIDAY, JUNE 23 FORTY CARATS ABC (9 p.m. ET)

In an unpromising TV week, this so-so 1973 movie stands out, notably for the performance of Liv Ullmann. She plays a successful businesswoman divorcee of 40 who has a vacation fling in Greece with a younger man (Edward Albert)—the woman-meets-boy situation that has replaced boy-meets-girl as the movies' favorite cliché.

SATURDAY, JUNE 24 FREE COUNTRY ABC (8 p.m. ET)

Rob Reiner, Meathead emeritus of *All in the Family*, turns producer-writer as well as star of this five-week limited series. He's cast himself as both the 89-year-old patriarch narrating the history of his immigrant family from 1900 to the present and, in flashback, as the young Lithuanian struggling to adjust to life in America. The aging process required 4½ hours in the makeup room each morning.

SUNDAY, JUNE 25 THE LAST TENANT ABC (9 p.m. ET)

Lee Strasberg, the peerless acting teacher and an Oscar nominee in *The Godfather, Part II*, makes a rare TV appearance as an old man whose children want to place him in a nursing home. Tony (F.I.S.T.) Lo Bianco plays the guilt-ridden son. In a laudable effort to develop new voices, ABC gave a \$10,000 prize to New York schoolteacher George Rubino for this affecting teleplay.

MONDAY, JUNE 26 THE GIRL FROM PETROVKA NBC (9 p.m. ET)

Hal Holbrook is an American journalist who falls in love with a Russian girl, played by unlikely com-

rade Goldie Hawn, in this not-very-salty 1974 movie about romantic detente.

TUESDAY, JUNE 27 BIG BOB JOHNSON AND HIS FANTASTIC SPEED CIRCUS NBC (9 p.m. ET)

Charles (Handle with Care) Napier is the leader of a bang-'em-up auto stunt team, and Maud (Rollerball) Adams is his unlikely mechanic in this made-for-TV action comedy movie.

THE PRICELESS TREASURES OF DRESDEN PBS (check local listings)

Two treasures will be onscreen for the first time—a remarkable art collection from East Germany and the I. M. Pei-designed East Building of Washington's National Gallery of Art, just opened with this show. For 500 years the silver-rich rulers of Saxony poured their wealth (occasionally bankrupting the state treasury) into making Dresden one of the world's richest repositories of art. The 700 masterworks from this touring exhibit, insured for \$80 million, will visit New York and San Francisco after they leave Washington on September 4.

STRANGE CREATURES OF THE NIGHT PBS (check local listings)

Owls, hyenas and salamanders are examined in a documentary filmed in part with sophisticated night-vision cameras. It was compelling when first shown commercially on CBS in 1973.

COLLEGE CAN BE KILLING PBS (check local listings)

Now that studying is for real again after the dropout glories of the '60s, the pressures are as intense as ever. This investigative report analyzes the soaring suicide rate among college students.

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People PICKS&PANS

Screen

□ CAPRICORN ONE

Like *Goldfinger*, this film is based on a ludicrous premise. And, like *Goldfinger*, it is witty, visually dazzling and totally entertaining. An embattled chief of NASA (Hal Holbrook), unable to fund a planned mission to Mars, fakes it. He sends up a rocket, but only after whisking astronauts James Brolin, Sam Waterston and O. J. Simpson off to a Mars set in an isolated TV studio where he forces them to stage a "landing" by threatening their families. Director-writer Peter Hyams (his biggest credit is for writing and producing the undeservedly obscure *T. R. Baskin*) decorates the plot with marvelously paced and photographed set pieces. To cite three: a runaway car scene, shot from the



O. J. Simpson, James Brolin
and Sam Waterston start for
Mars in *Capricorn One*.

perspective of driver Elliott Gould, a nosy reporter who becomes a target, a tense and funny soliloquy by the wisecracking Waterston, who tells himself jokes as he tries to scale a steep cliff; and a chase scene involving two NASA helicopters and a crop-duster flown by Telly Savalas. No one takes things too seriously; the result is the kind of movie they're not supposed to make anymore: pure fun. (PG)

□ THE GREEK TYCOON

Only the names and a few facts have been changed for this simple-minded cinema à clef. The story—a President's widow who married a Greek multimillionaire—is so familiar that Theo Tomasis (Anthony Quinn) and Liz Cassidy (Jacqueline Bisset) hardly need an introduction. Furthermore, Quinn and Bisset manage to look so reminiscent of the originals that acting is barely necessary. They walk through in a lush Mediterranean setting, with props like a 250-foot yacht, helicopters, Hal-



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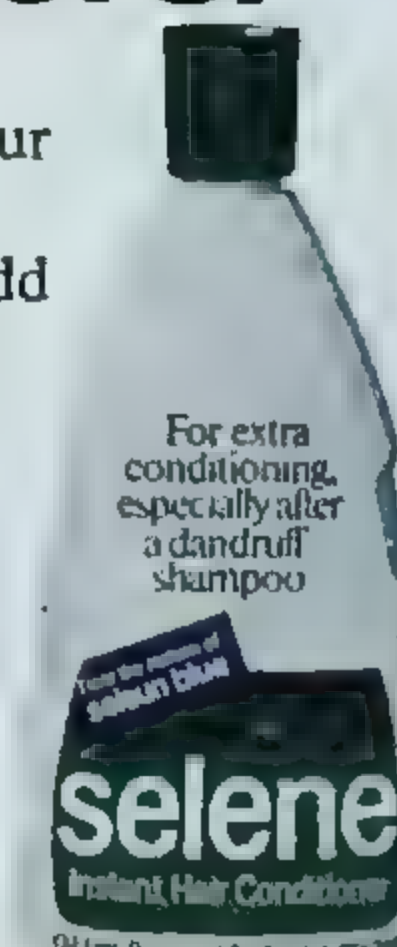
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People PICKS&PANS

ston and St. Laurent fashions and worry beads. Marilu Tolo is dynamic as the Callas-inspired actress and Edward Albert is eloquent as Tomasis' son. (R)

□ THE JUNGLE BOOK

First released in 1967 (as the last animated feature personally produced by Walt Disney), this version of the Rudyard Kipling stories is still refreshing. It doesn't even matter that the animal voices are done by actors now largely forgotten, Phil Harris, Sebastian Cabot, Louis Prima, George Sanders and especially Sterling Holloway as Kaa the boa constrictor were perfect. The \$4 million film—a third of what it would cost today—is brisk, mischievous and altogether just the right thing for a summer afternoon with the kids. (G)

□ IT LIVES AGAIN

Why would anyone do a sequel to 1977's boring and artless *It's Alive?* Try a gross of more than \$6 million. This movie is, however, not just another cheapie money-maker; it is probably the most repugnant film since 1932's *Freaks*, with none of that movie's social comment. The monsters are babies who literally zoom off the delivery table looking for jugulars to rip. They were only glimpsed in the original, this time master monster-maker Rick Baker, who created King Kong the Younger and *Star Wars*' flaky barflies, has worked up ugly little beasts. The talented Frederic Forrest (TV's *Ruby and Oswald*) and Kathleen Lloyd (*The Missouri Breaks*) meanwhile seem sullen, as if they wished, sensibly, they were somewhere else. There may be eight or nine people in the world who would enjoy this film; none of them are pregnant women or children awaiting a new sibling. (R)

□ OUR WINNING SEASON

Who needs a remake of *American Graffiti*, especially a bad one? Scott Jacoby plays a high school runner who can't win. But when a close friend is killed in Vietnam, he gets inspired and, well, you know the rest. There are lots of familiar '60s scenes, hanging around the hamburger joint, necking at the drive-in and playing chicken with souped-up cars. Some unknowns give promising performances, especially Jan Smithers as the sister who falls in love with the doomed friend and Dennis Quaid as the buffoonish pal. But director Joseph Ruben and writer Nick Nicophor don't help them. Wait till next year, fellas. (PG)

Song

□ STRANGER IN TOWN

Bob Seger and the Silver Bullet Band

Seger follows his breakthrough *Night Moves* with a rock'n'roll gem. While he caters to AM radio charts in a few ballads like *Still the Same* (a hit single), Seger also displays his vocal power backed up by dizzying rhythmic drive from his band augmented by session players. The combination recalls such classic welders of blues-rock as Little Richard and Wilson Pickett. What makes his work unique is that Seger, a veteran of the bruising concert circuit, avoids juvenile rock clichés. In



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People PICKS & PANS

a protest song, for example, he wails, "I'm just another consensus on the street." The title is *Feel Like a Number*, and Seger ought to be feeling like a million, after taxes, these days.

□ BRAZIL—ONCE AGAIN Herbie Mann

The prolific flutist has been criticized for changing his style with every faddish shift in pop music. The over 30 albums he's made in the last 20 years include dabbling in bossa nova, Afro-Cuban sounds, rock, reggae, disco and just about everything else this side of the polka. He usually manages, however, to avoid submerging his own jazz-based style. In this case Mann reprises a pleasing earlier LP (*Brazil*) with considerable success and adds a suitably energetic tribute, *Pelé* (Mann played at the stadium for the soccer hero's final game.) His sidemen are a little less illustrious than he has had in past years (Willie Bobo, Sonny Sharrock, Chick Corea), but the album is a worthwhile addition to his Mann-sized record library.

□ IT'S A HEARTACHE Bonnie Tyler

Those not given to gruff-voiced singers will find it more of a headache than a heartache, since an operation to remove vocal cord nodules in 1976 made Tyler as raspy as Rod Stewart. The Welsh-born singer also suffers in comparison with another soundalike, the late Janis Joplin, but that hasn't stopped the single that inspired this album from becoming No. 1 in Australia, Austria and South Africa, among other places, and reaching the Top 10 in the U.S. Anyone hooked by that tune should find this album—especially Stevie Wonder's *Living for the City*—worth hearing.

Welshwoman Bonnie Tyler has her own raspy way with *It's a Heartache*.



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The mine doesn't look as you might expect. The walls are sprayed with white powdered limestone

The work areas are large and well ventilated.

In order to more than double coal production by 1990, the U.S. will need 200 new coal mines, producing an average 5 million tons a year. The work force will have to double. Thanks to modern technology, mining is becoming a job that many people, including an increasing number of women, are choosing.

Exxon has a growing commitment to coal production and research. For more information on coal as an alternate energy resource, write to Exxon Corporation, Dept. G, Box 4125, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.



People PICKS & PANS

Etc.



Tatum O'Neal surfaces at Maunkberry's, left; Paris' Palace, above, has Deco if not decorum.

Unbeknownst to the celebrants at the time, December 31, 1961 was a watershed in American civilization. Saturday night would no longer be known for the bath but for the fever. The nation's first discotheque—Le Club—opened in Manhattan. Since then there's been a Darwinian shakeout of discos and dancers (did the twist turn into the rope, or vice versa?), but Le Club and the institution are, to say the least, stayin' alive. For footloose tourists and conventioners in the summer of '78, here is a guide to the hottest out-of-town spots if you suddenly get the itch—and have the scratch.

ATLANTA The place to be taken is the Casbah, a harem-decor haunt open until 8 a.m. If your money goes with the wind, but frankly you don't give a damn, try one of Casbah's hearty breakfasts.

BOSTON The Fan Club's booths carry out motifs such as Chaplin, *Show Boat*, *My Fair Lady*. The five-foot fan on the wall comes from the Folies Bergère. Elaine Noble, gay activist Massachusetts state senator, feted Lily Tomlin there last year. Locals to ogle include Red Sox slugger Jim Rice and Boston Symphony conductor Seiji Ozawa.

CHICAGO On "The Street"—the strip where singles check each other out—the BBC has an elevated dance floor where off-duty Fred Astaire instructors often teach novices just for the devil of it. BBC also has a bouncer-enforced "no hassle" policy for women not looking for Mr. Goodbar (Ironically, BBC was a location for that movie.)

LONDON Annabel's is the place to see lords and ladies acourting, but for those lacking \$200 for membership, \$10 buys a month of swinging at Maunkberry's. Yanks are warned that the beat goes on—but public transport stops—at 1 a.m.

LOS ANGELES The likes of Barbra Streisand, Elton John, Lindsay Wagner and Shaun Cassidy drive to Dillon's Westwood Village, located in a four-story former carpet warehouse. Closed-circuit TV affords everyone a moment of stardom, and there's live music from auditioning newcomers as well as golden oldies coming back like Fabian. Warning: You have to be at least 21 to enter the fourth-floor geriatric sanctum.

NEW YORK Most natives scorn Studio 54—getting past the perversely arbitrary screening is a waste of good dancing time. Enterprising hustlers can trek to Brooklyn's 2001 Odyssey, where Travolta actually strutted in *Fever*, but shouldn't

expect it to glisten like the movie. (The club has been a local hangout for 30 years.) The ceiling paint is peeling, and the Mylar on the wall is discolored. Tony's table is still there, as is the movie-prop dance floor. But a few lights are out. **PARIS** In the private domain of Castel's, the Continent's biggies bump on the tiny 9'x9' copper dance floor (which is how Monaco's Caroline met her Philippe). But those with less money and more territorial imperative cross the Seine to the Right Bank's converted Palace Theater. It has an Art Deco interior, and Jean-Paul Belmondo, Kenzo and Yves St. Laurent dig it.

SAN FRANCISCO Two pro football players (49er Gene Washington and Chicago Bear Larry Schreiber) are part owners of Mumm's, and O. J. Simpson has displayed his broken-floor boogying here. So have Patty Hearst and Mikhail Baryshnikov, and there is a plush backgammon room. The catch is that it takes connections and/or money (\$300 membership, \$100 annual dues) to get in. **TULSA** Pistachio's is classic oil-and-cattle country, though manager Russell Beverstein observes, "We don't consider ourselves a meat market."

He describes the decor—glass, chrome, leather—as "East Coast." There is strict security, he warns, after three bar fights "over ladies."

WASHINGTON "Basically," says one D.C. disco-ophile, "Washington is not a dancing city." When the power brokers do shake their rotundas, it's at a dockside joint called the Pier. While a sign on the facade states, "Gay owned and gay operated for gay people," visitors need not worry about their FBI dossiers. Half the crowd is straight.

ALSO SHAKING: FORT LAUDERDALE—Pete and Lenny's was the site of the syndicated "Disco '77" TV show. **HOUSTON**—Crazy Banana is known for excruciatingly loud music, theme nights (on Sadie Hawkins Thursdays any man who turns down a dance has to do a turn with a gorilla-suited bartender) and a pleasantly raucous clientele. **LAS VEGAS**—Singer Paul Anka did it his way opening Jubilation; it cost \$3 million. **MIAMI**—Impossibly posh—why not, in a country club with dues of \$1,000 a year?—the Cricket hosts well-heeled movers like Telly Savalas, Sophia Loren and Charlotte Ford. **PORTSMOUTH, N.H.**—At the City Side, urbanites in disco withdrawal can look for funk and Farrah Fawcett-Majors, rumored to have flashed her fluff there.

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The '40s drank Manhattans, the '50s sipped martinis straight up, and the long, smoky nights of the '60s often wound hazily down to a tequila sunrise. Now comes the chaser, the jaunty French import *eau de Perrier*, in the leaf-green bottle with the shape of a bowling pin. Taken with lime, it counterfeits gin-and-tonic. At a long, wet business lunch, it bespeaks a clear-headed sense of purpose. And at 69 cents per 23-ounce bottle (on the average), it fairly sparkles with snobby cachet. The once bibulous likes of Richard Burton, Ed McMahon and Truman Capote have weaned themselves from the hard stuff on Perrier, and it is perhaps the single shared preference of Jackie O, Alice Cooper and Frank Sinatra. Cary Grant feeds it to his plants, and—lo, the ultimate tribute—Farrah Fawcett-Majors rinses her hair with it.

Whence this carbonated tide? It is the carefully plotted masterwork of marketing wizard Bruce Nevins, 40, Perrier's U.S. proconsul since 1976. Nevins is the quintessential new-breed executive—and a man cut to the trim of his ad copy. Most days he wears jeans (French-made and emphatically creased) to the office, and he drinks the first of four daily Perriers after a three-mile 7 a.m. run in Central Park, near his East Side Manhattan apartment. A regular visitor to Los Angeles and its premier disco, the Daisy, he enjoys a romantic life of prodigious variety (including a liaison last fall with Margaret Trudeau), though his priorities—business, physical fitness, partying—are arranged in exactly that order. "I have a good time," he says. "Who knows? Maybe I'm missing some true happiness somewhere. But I don't think I'm a person who is blissfully up without knowing what it's all about."

When it comes to Perrier, bliss and reality are not far apart. "We started with a lot going for us," says Nevins, "namely the product and its image." After the discovery that saccharin could be carcinogenic, he shrewdly set about changing the perception of Perrier as a bottled water to Perrier as a healthful alternative to soft drinks. He lowered the price (formerly \$1.09), streamlined distribution, hired good



Nevins inspects the piped source of Perrier water near Nîmes, France with board chairman Gustave Leven and, below, a Beverly Hills supermarket display.



marketing people, introduced smaller-size bottles—and backed it all up with a \$2.5 million media campaign. Casting itself on the side of the angels, Perrier now sponsors one or two marathons every year and several shorter races (which Nevins often runs in). "The taste of Perrier is clean and fresh," goes the sales pitch as Nevins delivers it. "If people are looking for

CONTINUED

Though he lost a kidney to a football accident 20 years ago, Nevins is a healthy 180 pounds. He drinks only wine spritzers.

UP FRONT

THE NEW STORY OF EAU: BUSINESSMAN BRUCE NEVINS PERSUADES AMERICA TO ORDER 'PERRIER, PLEASE'



CONTINUED

the kind of flavor blast they've been conditioned to from age 1—in baby foods, presweetened cereals and soft drinks—they're not going to find it in Perrier."

The strategy has been a stunning success. In 1975 Americans drank 2.5 million bottles of Perrier. This year Nevins expects to sell more than 75 million. Clearly, the long and ardent courtship that was required to lure Nevins to Perrier was worth every dollar and perquisite. Says Gustave Leven, owner of the \$300 million Perrier empire in France: "He's exactly the man I was looking for." Nevins agrees. "Basically," he says of his French employers, "I think they're astounded."

If the roots of achievement lead back to Nevins' boyhood in upstate New York, so does a trail of wild oats. The son of an appliance company franchiser ("a harsh Catholic upbringing"), Bruce worked odd jobs ungrudgingly from the time he was 7, but dreamed of life as a professional golfer. Later, at West Point, he steeled himself against plebe-year harassment. "It was so ridiculous and yet so challenging that I resolved to make it through four years." As an upperclassman, he virtually majored in sneaking out after taps—and was finally busted for it as a senior. "It's one of the games you play," he says. "Some guys get caught the first time. I was more fortunate."

Graduating in the top third of his class, Nevins hungered for adventure and joined the hell-for-leather Special Forces in 1962. But when his four-year tour (including seven months in Laos) was up, he decided against a military career. "I couldn't see myself walking the narrow path for the next 30 years," he explains. "I saw colonels cowering and generals cowering. It seemed a very uptight environment." As an alternative, he decided on Stanford Business School, where "I had three days of classes and four days to ski." After two postgraduate years at a Madison Avenue ad agency, he began feeling restless again. "I decided I didn't want to live in New York any longer," he recalls, "so I got in my car at 6 a.m. and drove 120 miles an hour through the Lincoln Tunnel. It was the first time in my life I was totally free." Reaching San Francisco Bay, he settled in a \$16,000 houseboat in Sausalito—then accepted a job with Levi Strauss. "All the people in the houseboat community were musicians, artists, people who wanted to escape," he remembers. "I was the only one with



Whether at Manhattan's Studio 54 (above, with Margaret Trudeau last fall) or at the Coldwater Canyon home of a friend (right, with Pan Am's Bente Pedersen), Nevins says, "I like to enjoy life."

a briefcase, but I was never uncomfortable there. I assimilate well. I've always been very flexible."

The live-in stewardess he had brought from New York found out just how flexible when she returned to the boat one day and found a note saying he had left to sell Levi's in Asia. "I guess she was a little taken aback," Nevins says. It was the end of a three-year relationship. But Nevins was loyal, at least, to his life-style: Home in Hong Kong was a 60-foot Chinese junk. After turning the Asia-Pacific region into a \$100 million market for jeans, he moved on to Latin America, then returned to the home office, a fifth promotion—and a new bout of uneasiness. In 1974, one step away from the company presidency at 36, he quit. "I was frustrated by the corporate infrastructure," Nevins says. "It prevented any free style."

He and a Levi's colleague together founded Pony Sporting Goods, a manufacturer of running shoes, and Nevins found himself scrambling again. "One day I was leading the good life of a corporate VP," he recalls, "and the next I was out on the streets of Dallas in 110° sun, carrying two big bags of shoes and wondering, 'God, what am I doing here?' Then I resolved that it comes with the territory."

His territory today is a fertile one. Pony is grossing more than \$1 million a month, and Nevins' compensation from



Perrier—not counting his stock in the company—puts him into six figures annually. His nightlife is correspondingly bullish. It begins with a date nearly every evening at 9 and invariably ends long after midnight. Though he still sees Trudeau—"We're friends," he insists—there is "no one true steady lady right now. There have been situations when I was very close to marriage, but they never worked out." Says his friend Suzy (Chapstick) Chaffee, "The guy likes to boogie, and he sleeps with the best of them. He's very liberated. I think he's looking for a heavy woman, but why not have fun shopping around?"

Nevins concurs, but adds, "When I'm 60, I don't want to be in a discotheque with long white hair. I want to grow older with a little more grace—you know,

At home, Nevins turns to *The Complete Book of Running*. He goes to movies regularly, ballet seldom, opera never.

mellow out a little bit." Before then he would like to learn Italian (he already speaks French and some Spanish and Chinese), travel to Africa—and help Perrier corral one full percentage point of the \$12 billion international soft drink market. But not, he seems to say, at the expense of his pleasure. "A lot of top-gear executives are so involved in running a business they get hardened," he says. "I don't think that will ever happen to me. I don't perform to please someone else. I just perform on my own terms and let that speak for itself. I believe in having fun in business."

KRISTIN MC MURRAN



Photographs by Harry Benson



35 YEARS LATER, TV'S 'HOLOCAUST' SOLVES THE AWFUL MYSTERY OF A MOTHER'S DEATH

For four harrowing nights in April New Jersey housewife Helen Greenbaum, 55, like 62 million other Americans, sat riveted to her TV set and NBC's recreation of the Nazi holocaust. Most of the telecast inspired in her only a

familiar memory of terror and revulsion: Her father and a brother had been killed in the concentration camps. But for 35 years she never knew the fate of her mother, who had been taken away by the Germans in Warsaw. On the final night of the series, the startling flash of a black-and-white photograph showed four women in white underclothes standing alone in a field, apparently minutes away from death. One of them in high boots stared plaintively into the camera. "That's Mom!" Helen remembers screaming, though she couldn't quite believe it. "We thought she had perished, but I knew then I wouldn't get a night's rest until I found out for sure."

With the help of her sister, Rosalie Wattenberg, 59, Helen traced the photo (through NBC) to the American Jewish Committee library in New York City. Thousands of death camp pictures are stored there in thick albums. "By the second book I was sick to my heart," she recalls. "I saw horrible pictures, like SS doctors watching a woman on a lab table with her belly split open and intestines out. We did not know if we could look anymore." Near despair, the sisters opened

another book—and there it was. They identified their emaciated mother by her clothes. "Mom was very cold," says Helen. "The Nazis had taken her fur coat, so she was wearing Dad's long underwear. When Mom and I first thought we were going to be 'resettled,' she had sold her pearls to buy us boots like the ones in the picture so we'd at least have good footwear."

The discovery brought the sisters a torrent of memories. They recalled how their idyllic childhood ("We never lacked for anything—the family loved theater and opera and had a country bungalow") ended abruptly with the occupation of Warsaw in 1939. Helen and her mother were forced to sew uniforms for the Germans, and then came the wrenching day the Nazis separated them. "It was 'right' and 'left,' like damaged merchandise being taken off an assembly line," Helen recounts tearfully. "There was no chance to say goodbye." Miraculously, the two sisters found each other and survived 10 camps until their liberation by the U.S. Army at Dachau. They headed for America in 1948. "We came by tub, not boat," she says of their stormy passage. "I didn't think we'd live to see the Statue of Liberty."

Helen and Rosalie remain very close, living just a few blocks apart in Ventnor, N.J., south of Atlantic City. "If she belongs to an organization, I belong," says Helen. "If she goes shopping, I go shopping. One pulls the other." Helen met her husband, Leo, 64, a jitney operator who also survived the concentration camps, in Berlin after the war. Rosalie lost her first husband in a camp, and her second died several years ago. Both women say they always longed to know what really happened to their mother. But now the emotional toll of that knowledge is terrible. "It feels like we lost her all over again," Helen says.

PATRICIA BURSTEIN



In 1929 Helen, 6, her mother and her father, a prosperous leather goods dealer, faced a hopeful future in Warsaw.



"I pity people who don't know how to cherish their mothers," says Helen (left), who survived the war with sister Rosalie.

This photo from *Holocaust* showed their mother, Debora Lea Fromer (third from left), in a corpse-strewn field in Latvia.

Strangers can be pretty strange in Deauville, the chic French resort on the English Channel. So the cashier at the local casino hardly batted an eye the other evening when a peculiar-looking chap in a henna-colored hairpiece entered his office with the casino director. "I'm Mesrine," said the stranger. "No doubt you have heard of me." No doubt he had. Not since the '30s, when Corsican mobsters turned Marseilles into a mini-Chicago, have the French seen a criminal with the deadly panache of Jacques Mesrine, *L'Ennemi Public Numéro Un*. As the startled cashier collapsed in a swoon, Mesrine, who had escaped from a Paris prison only a few days before, scooped \$17,000 from the till. But an alert croupier had summoned police. So Mesrine and a confederate, François Besse, had to exit in a fusillade of bullets. Though each was slightly wounded, they sped off in a stolen Renault and smashed through two police barricades. Eluding helicopters and bloodhounds, they struck off on foot the next morning, then at pistol point kidnapped a family to drive them out of Normandy. Finally they confiscated a skiff and slipped quietly down the Seine to freedom.

From Villon to Papillon, France's criminals have, like its chefs, long had a distinctive style. Mesrine has upheld the tradition. An egomaniac with a Gallic lust for the grand gesture (like dropping in at Deauville police headquarters disguised as a cop before robbing the casino), he likes to think of himself as a Robin Hood. "If I stole, I never took from the poor," he wrote in his autobiography, *Instinct for Death*. "I have neither raped, nor beaten up old people, nor exploited women. If men have lost their lives from my bullets, it was because I had to make the choice between their lives or mine."

A child of the bourgeoisie, Mesrine was born in Paris in 1936, the son of an embroidery designer. In 1958, while taking his degree in architecture, he helped create the French pavilion for the Brussels World Fair. Later, as a decorated lieutenant in the Algerian campaign, he learned the dirty nuances of guerrilla warfare. Disillusioned afterward, he joined the clandestine ranks of the OAS, the dreaded right-wing terrorist group that plotted vainly to kill Charles de Gaulle. Soon Mesrine was hanging out in sordid Pigalle bars and hiring out as a free-

lance tough in disdain of the country inn his father gave him to help him go straight. Jacques earned his pips as a killer, by his own lurid account, dispatching an unfortunate Algerian pimp: "My blade came to his belly at the level of his liver, and his body twitched as I thrust it home to the hilt. I felt nothing, neither emotion nor pity... 'So long, jerk,' were my last words. They were his funeral oration."

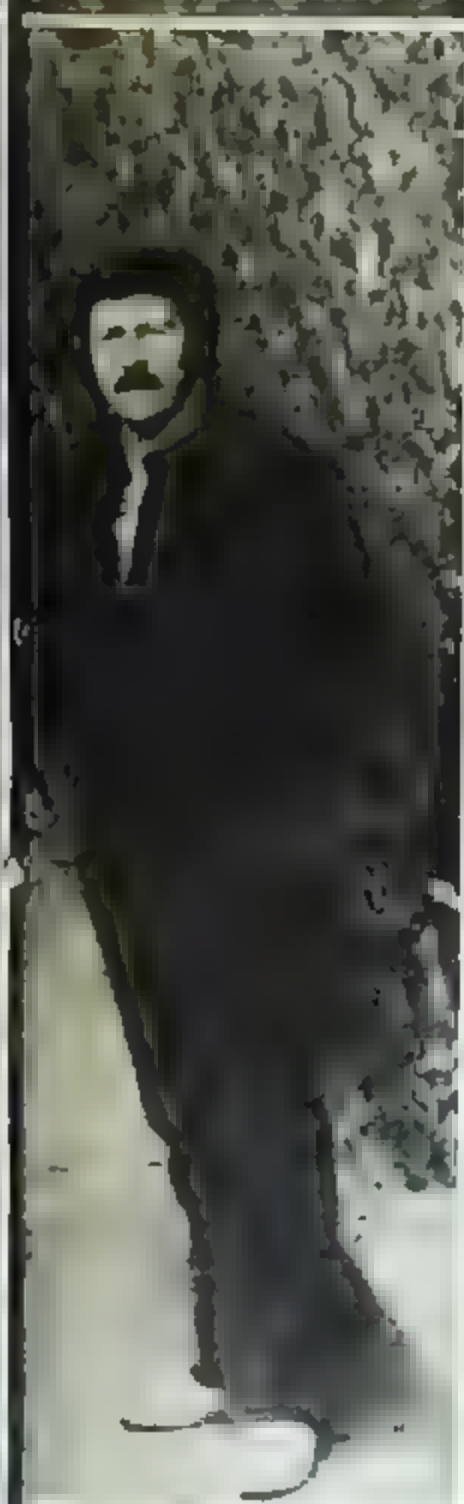
After a brief marriage, and the birth of a daughter, Mesrine continued his violent ways. Arriving in Canada in 1970, he served a stretch in Quebec's St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary following the kidnapping of a wealthy businessman who had hired him as a chauffeur. When he escaped in 1972, he brazenly phoned the prison director to announce that he was coming back to free some of his friends. Sure enough, Mesrine tried, only to be driven off by armed guards. Before leaving the country, he killed two game wardens who got in his way, then fled via the States to South America and finally to France. Arrested in 1973 following a series of holdups, Mesrine escaped again from a courtroom in Compiègne, taking the judge with him as hostage. He was recaptured three months later and sentenced to 20 years in Paris' grim old Santé prison, where he enjoyed the deference accorded a criminal superstar. The screws, it is reported, hounded him for his autograph.

Then last month, 18 days before the casino heist, Mesrine was at large once again. Conferring with his lawyer in the visitors' gallery, he asked the guard to fetch a document from Besse's cell. Then he sprang on a table, opened a ventilator with a nail file, and *vollà!*—pulled from the wall a bag with three pistols and a nylon rope with a grappling hook. Minutes later Mesrine, Besse and a third convict slipped over the 50-foot wall. The third man was shot and killed, but Mesrine and Besse got away—the first inmates to escape since Santé was founded 111 years ago. And now the waiting game resumes, as Mesrine's caution goes to war with his monstrous vanity to determine where and when he will surface again.

RUDI CHELMINSKI

Jacques Mesrine (before escape, inset, right) sold movie rights to his life story to Jean-Paul Belmondo for more than \$100,000. The prison is holding the money.

ALAIN BEJEAN/STGMA



THE FLICS' FACES ARE PANTHER-PINK AS A FRENCH KILLER BREAKS THE BANK AT DEAUVILLE

French cops search for the vanished Mesrine and his accomplice, François Besse. A third escapee, murderer Carman Rivas (inset), was shot to death on the prison wall during their getaway.



I prefer to concentrate on one relationship," confides towering Texas model Jerry Hall, 21. "When I'm really in love, I'm faithful." That, presumably, is good news for Rolling Stone Mick Jagger, 33, Jerry's main event for more than a year. "Mick is gone over Jerry," says a friend. "He's never had a 'thing' that lasted so long."

Except, that is, for one "thing"—the one involving Bianca, his angry wife of seven years, and their 6-year-old daughter, Jade. Bianca filed for divorce last month in London, and Mick, already edgy about the terms of a settlement, has been pleading for a moratorium. "She still listens to him," reports a mutual pal, "and Mick is shrewd. He doesn't let anyone know how much money he has." But even if the Jaggers get back together, says another friend, "they would be fighting again in two months. Mick is very close with Jerry. Love or whatever, it's real."

Understandably, Hall isn't talking—at least not about her favorite singer. Though they met two years ago (when she was the fiancée and roommate of another British rocker, Bryan Ferry), only recently have they gone semipublic. In New York they sometimes share

CONTINUED



"I was one of the first models to have big hair," says cover girl Hall. "It should look like you just rolled out of bed." As for her "Mickey" above, she says, "I don't want to marry. I want the option of being able to pack my bags and take off."

MICK JAGGER HAS A 'THING' FOR JERRY HALL, AND BIANCA HAS SEEN HER LAWYER



CONTINUED

a two-bedroom suite at the Pierre or the Carlyle, helicopter to soccer games in New Jersey, and disco—but generally not at Studio 54, which is Bianca's turf. Last month, with Mick preparing for a U.S. tour and Bianca in L.A. promoting her yet-to-materialize movie career, Jerry babysat Jade in Woodstock, N.Y. Mick, meanwhile, dropped in on Jerry's widowed mother in Texas. "He seems like a nice young man, but he made fun of my accent," reported Marjorie Hall, 53, who resents the notion

that Jerry broke up his marriage. "Scandal publications made her seem like a Jezebel, but she's a good Christian girl and I'm proud of her. I don't know if they are planning on getting married someday, but she enjoys being with him, and of course the publicity isn't really bad for her career."

Jerry's career is her other satisfaction. With 40 fashion covers to her credit, she commands fees of \$1,000 a day. She's also done TV spots for Dr Pepper and Metropolitan Life. "If I'm

not working," says Hall, "I think I get ugly." Observes British *Vogue* photographer Willie Christie: "She's got one of those faces that if you look at it in a bad light without makeup, she's ugly as sin. It's a horsey face. But in a good light, she looks better than anyone."

A savvy businesswoman, Jerry is building a house for her mother on a 200-acre ranch in Lone Oak, Texas. "But I wouldn't live in Texas myself," she says. "The men are always drinking, while their women go around broken-hearted." To Jerry, her own income means never having to say she's sorry. "In the past, some models would marry guys who could keep them in the same style," she explains. "But if you take money from someone, you never enjoy it. If you have your own money, no one can buy you. Personal gifts are okay. I give men nice presents like they give me nice presents." A toss of her waist-length blond mane reveals a pair of diamond earrings—from Mick.

The youngest (with her twin) of five girls, Jerry was raised in Mesquite, a Dallas suburb. Her father, a chicken farmer turned truck driver, died last year. His widow, a medical records consultant, raised her brood on positive thinking and Frederick's of Hollywood. Weed-thin, with size-nine feet, Jerry was nicknamed "Tall Hall." "Everyone laughed when I wore my sister's falsies," she recalls. "But later I was the first *Cosmo* nipple cover."

At 14, Jerry was selling cones at the local Dairy Queen. The next year a minor auto accident brought her a nose job and \$800 in insurance money—enough for a ticket to Paris. Putting up at a Saint-Tropez youth hostel, she was discovered by Claude Haddad (now her Paris agent) while sunning topless on the beach. Soon she moved in—platonically—with fashion illustrator Antonio Lopez, who taught her how to pose and dab on makeup. "For a while I was into the sleazy nightlife of Paris," she says. "I'm tired of gay men now, but then it was interesting." After spotting her on the cover of Italian *Vogue*, Bryan Ferry asked her to pose for an album cover. She did ("I charged a lot"), then moved in with him until she absentmindedly lost his engagement ring. "At parties now, the oldest, richest men always make a play for me," she says. "They offer me things. I laugh." Still, the attention is welcome. "I never had a boyfriend when I was young," she sighs. "I spent so long being icky."

MARTHA SMILGIS



Jerry and three of her sisters—(from left) Cyndy, 25, Rosie, 23, and twin Terry, 21—horse around in Central Park.

Sometimes Jerry smears mashed avocado all over her body. "Afterward my skin is silky, but the drain is clogged."



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FILM ON MY PHOTOGRAPH, THEN
IT MUST LEAVE THE SAME
FILM ON ME. I GUESS
I REALLY WASN'T GETTING
CLEAN. IT LOOKS TERRIBLE.
I DON'T THINK I'LL BE
USING MY SOAP ANYMORE.

Bill Huddleston

ZEST.

ZEST DOESN'T LEAVE A FILM.
I WENT HOME AND TRIED IT.
NOW I'M A BELIEVER IN
ZEST. IT LATHERED GREAT.
IT RINSED BETTER. IT LEFT MY
BODY CLEAN. I FELT GREAT.
I AM GOING TO CONTINUE
TO USE ZEST.



The above sentences are excerpts taken from hidden camera interviews of Bill Huddleston. At that time, we asked him to bathe pictures of himself, like the ones above, in his favorite soap and Zest®. We also asked him to try Zest at home. He found out Zest made him feel cleaner than his soap.

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AFTER 44 YEARS AND 400 PLAYS, BARNARD HUGHES FINALLY GOT 'THE' PART—AND THE TONY

ON
STAGE



In Hugh Leonard's *Da* (which also won a Tony), Hughes brews tea and trouble for his son (Brian Murray). Despite sign at his New York apartment (right), Barnard, his wife and two kids are all in theater.

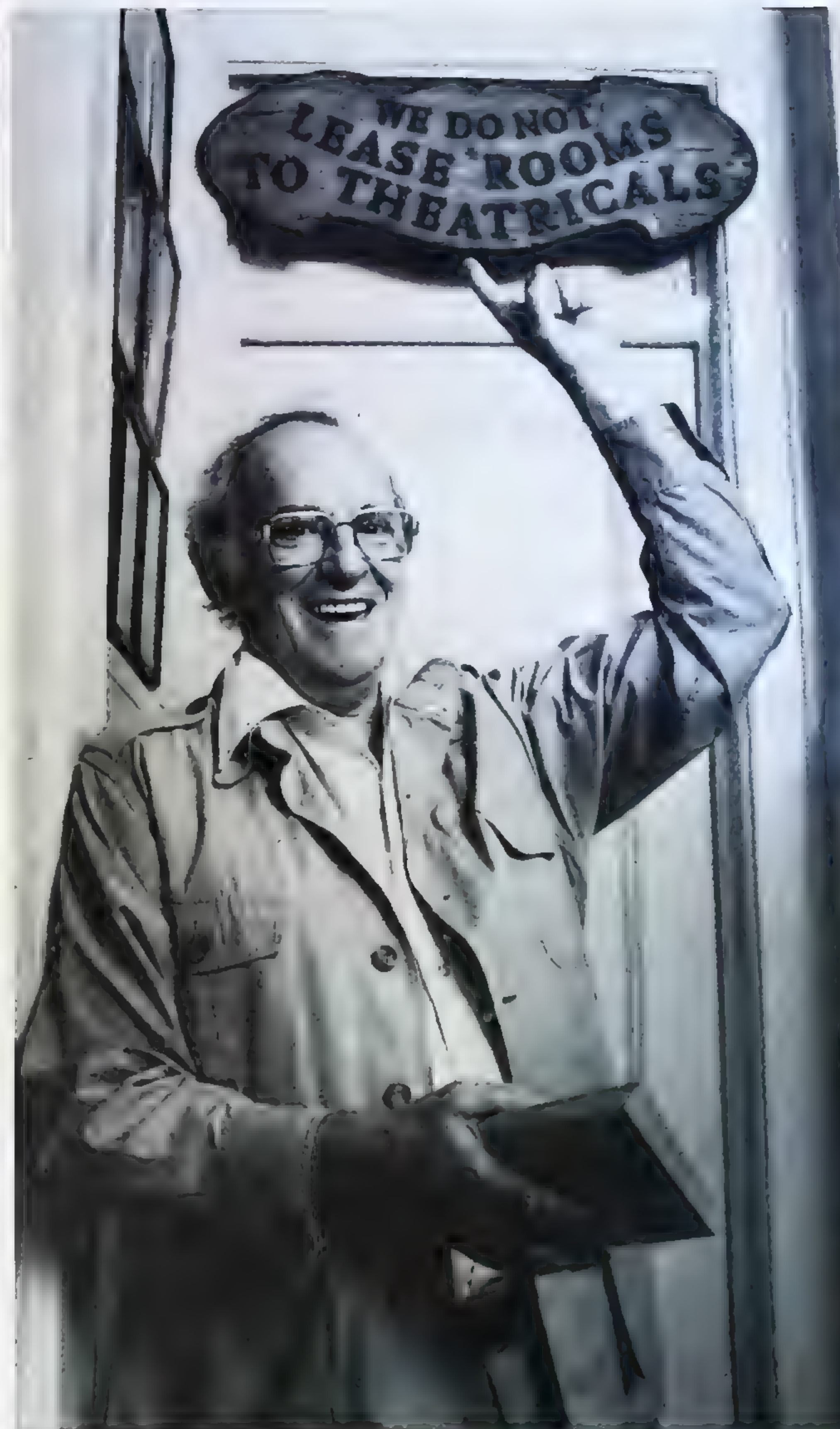
Performers don't get older. They get better—er—makeup jobs—except for character actors, who don't have to sweat it. "The older you get, the less competition there is in your age range. The attrition rate is enormous," muses Barnard Hughes, 62. "It is a dubious benefit," he adds, "but a benefit."

Hughes himself has hardly needed that sort of geriatric edge. On stage alone, he's had more than 400 parts in his 44-year career. His current one, portraying a sort of Dublin-style Archie Bunker in the Irish play *Da*, just won him his first Broadway Tony for best actor of the season. "Everything came together," exults Hughes. "This is the part for me. For a lot of wonderful actors, the part never comes."

Hughes waited patiently if not exactly passively. In addition to all those plays, there has been a batch of films (*Midnight Cowboy*, *Where's Poppa?*, *Oh, God*), soaps (*Guiding Light*, *Secret Storm*), and the title role in the prime-time CBS series *Doc*. "A lot of acting is humdrum, but that is what you have to do if you are a professional," he philosophizes. "A violinist in an orchestra goes zum-zum-zum as well as doing the arpeggios and the cadenzas."

Whether going zum or zoom, Hughes' theatrical instrument has been pretty

CONTINUED





Wife Helen waits while the family chef encourages his friend Flicka to check out the meat for supper.

"For success you must be at the right place at the right age, and be ready" is Helen's advice to their daughter, Laura.

Stage CONTINUED

much limited to priests, generals and doctors of late. His early background half prepared him. The sixth of seven children of an Irish-born chauffeur, Hughes was raised (along with deer) on an estate in Bedford Hills, N.Y. "I use an authentic Dublin accent in the play, not the soft brogue of my parents," he says. Devotion to the theater was instilled by his mother (his dad died when he was 14), and after a year at Manhattan College, Barney turned pro. In those early years, by way of a hedge, he also worked as a runner on Wall Street, proofreader for a law firm, checker on the docks and Macy's salesman. He met his wife of 28 years, actress Helen Stenborg, performing shows in veterans' hospitals. She recalls that his moonlighting caused him to fall asleep on dates. "Ah, it was a stimulating courtship," he sighs.

Even after Hughes became established, he never turned down bookings. In 1965, for example, he was playing a role off-Broadway, understudying Henry Fonda in *Generation*, had a regular spot on a soap and was doing commercials for Nabisco and Lux. Meanwhile "the first Mrs. Hughes" (as he refers to Helen out of pride over their long, stable relationship) took 12 years off to raise their children. Douglas, 22, a Harvard graduate, is a director, and Laura, 19, is a student at Manhattan's Neighborhood Playhouse. Currently Helen is playing off-Broadway in *The 5th of July*. Last year she did commercials for Burger King and Campbell's Soup and appeared on the NBC soap *Another World* as the Swedish maid Helga.

"We never lived up to our income and thus could weather the dry periods," the now well-heeled Hughes reports, but he still rides the subway to the theater from their co-op in an unfashionable area of the Upper West Side. "He reads cookbooks like novels," reveals Helen, "and isn't at all chauvinistic." Because much of his work has been at night, he's provided more day-care service for his kids (and allowed his wife far more freedom) than the median for his generation.

What next? "If I'm in the good hands of Norman Lear or Grant Tinker, then I'd like to do another TV series. Theater is the place to learn the correct use of language and proper behavior," he says. "TV should take advantage of that and it should bring out the positive features of mankind. I hope to be part of a TV renaissance."

MARTHA SMILGIS

Photographs by Henry Grossman



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Tanentbaum



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WHEN IT COMES TO WASHING NAPOLEON'S NIGHTSHIRT AND OTHER FAMOUS DIRTY LINEN, CALL KATHRYN SCOTT

ARTS

Kathryn Scott takes in laundry for a living, but even the ring around the collar is special. She's a master textile conservator who has laundered everything from Napoleon's white flannel dress pants to the cotton undershirts of Teddy Roosevelt.

"Easy does it," says the 66-year-old Scott of her legendary dirty linen. A few years back, when a private collector brought her the age-stained altar cloths the French emperor had used for battlefield Mass, she bleached them 15 times in a very mild solution before she was satisfied with her handiwork. In mint condition, such items bring thousands in the marketplace. Napoleon's nightshirt stirred Scott the most. "It was probably made in a convent," she says. "I never saw such hand stitching. And at the top of the vent there was the tiniest red 'N' with a crown above it."

Scott, who teaches textile conservation at New York University's Institute of Fine Arts, lately has been working nights on an 800-year-old pre-Columbian shirt belonging to Dallas millionaire Stanley Marcus. "It's such a fussy business," Scott says about the elaborately tasseled Chancay fabric. She has labored more than 500 hours repairing the shirt. (Her fees range from \$100 to \$10,000 per assignment.) One of her more exacting tasks was restoring an Egyptian funeral portrait of a woman called the Fayum Lady that had been painted on linen and glued to a coffin around A.D. 250. "The linen was dried out and there were wrinkles an inch deep in the portrait," Scott says. "The painting was starting to flake. I did research on that piece for two years before deciding what to do. And it was the miracle of my career." Each piece she works on is vacuumed, washed or dry-cleaned, repaired and then stitched to mounting material. "I'm a plodder," grins Scott. "One millionth of a step at a time."

Back in 1957 Scott mended a 2,000-year-old mantle from Peru for Herbert Hoover. The conservator was 46, the ex-President 83. "I told him I had been in love with him since I was 6," remembers Scott, who's never married. "Hoover replied, 'If only I had known...'"

HARRIET SHAPIRO



"I couldn't afford to buy the stuff," says Illinois-born Scott of the pre-Columbian and Coptic treasures in her workshop.

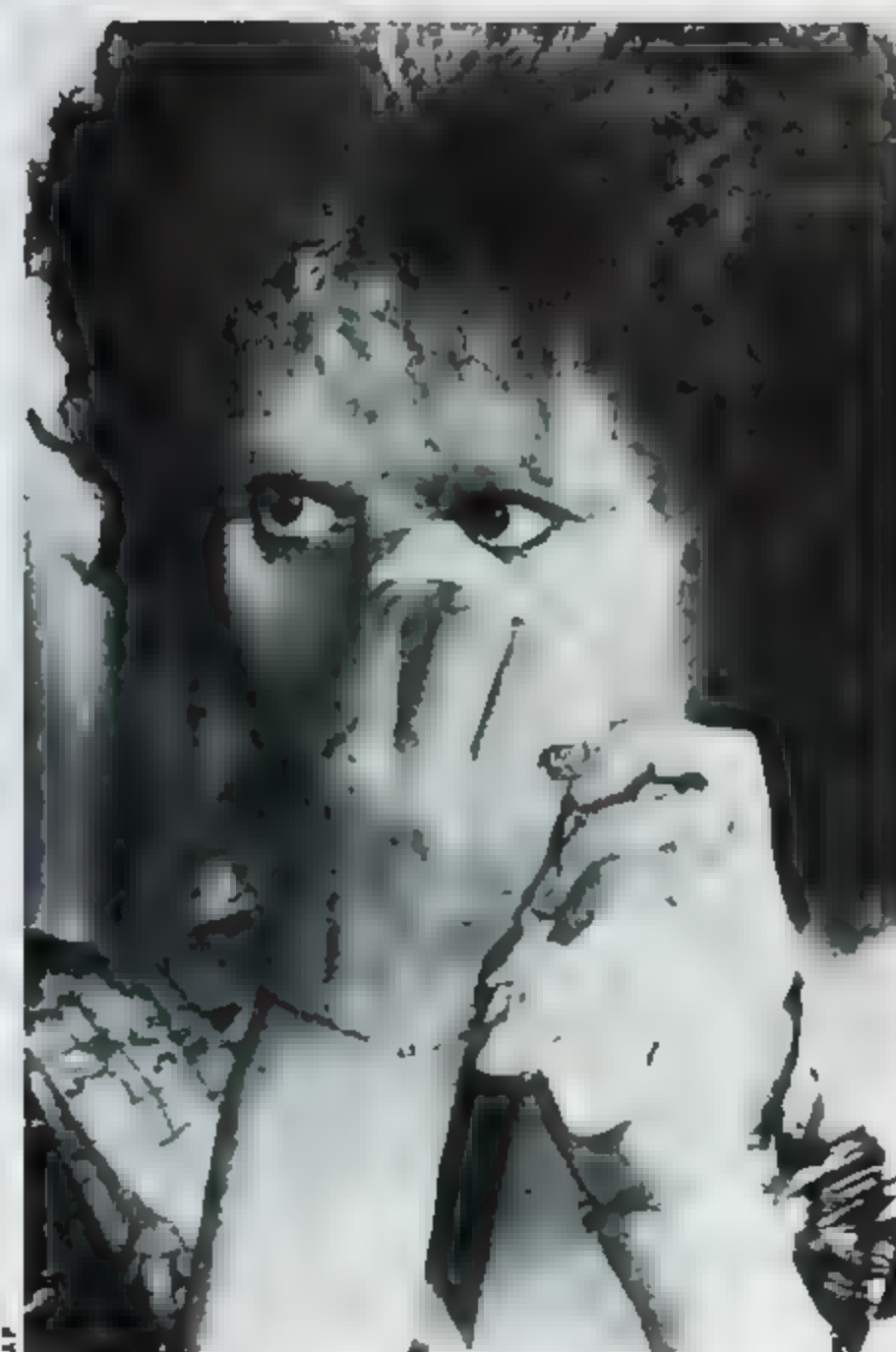
Jimmy's on the ball

The pro basketball season has a way of dribbling on—it took the Washington Bullets 233 days to earn their title and then a couple more as the hometown got all the bounce it could out of having its first world championship team since 1942, when the Redskins topped the National Football League. D.C. Mayor Walter Washington and Congress held receptions, and Jimmy Carter invited the Bullets over to his court. Though his ball handling was a bit awkward, the President scored with his full-court press of the flesh.



New date for Judy?

Life's been no laugh-in for actress Judy Carne, 39, with three arrests on drug charges in the past seven months. But she shed tears of joy after acquittal on a heroin possession rap in Cincinnati. The prosecutor, however, probably will retry her for allegedly forging a drug prescription (the jury was deadlocked on that count). Simultaneously, Robert Bergmann, her ex-hubby but best friend, was busted on the very same charges.



STAR TRACKS



John keeps on preppin'

There were whispers around Studio 54 that John Kennedy Jr., 17, who'd been partying there off and on through the semester, was dropping back a year at Phillips Academy in Andover, Mass. That's not so, says a family spokesman, taking pains to explain that when John transferred to Andover as a junior from Manhattan's Collegiate School, it was agreed he'd take three years, not two, to finish. "Caroline did much the same by going to England for a year before entering Radcliffe," notes Onassis aide Nancy Tuckerman. In September John will take a special program of new courses—no repeats. Meanwhile the word is he'll summer in Yellowstone National Park as a construction hard hat.

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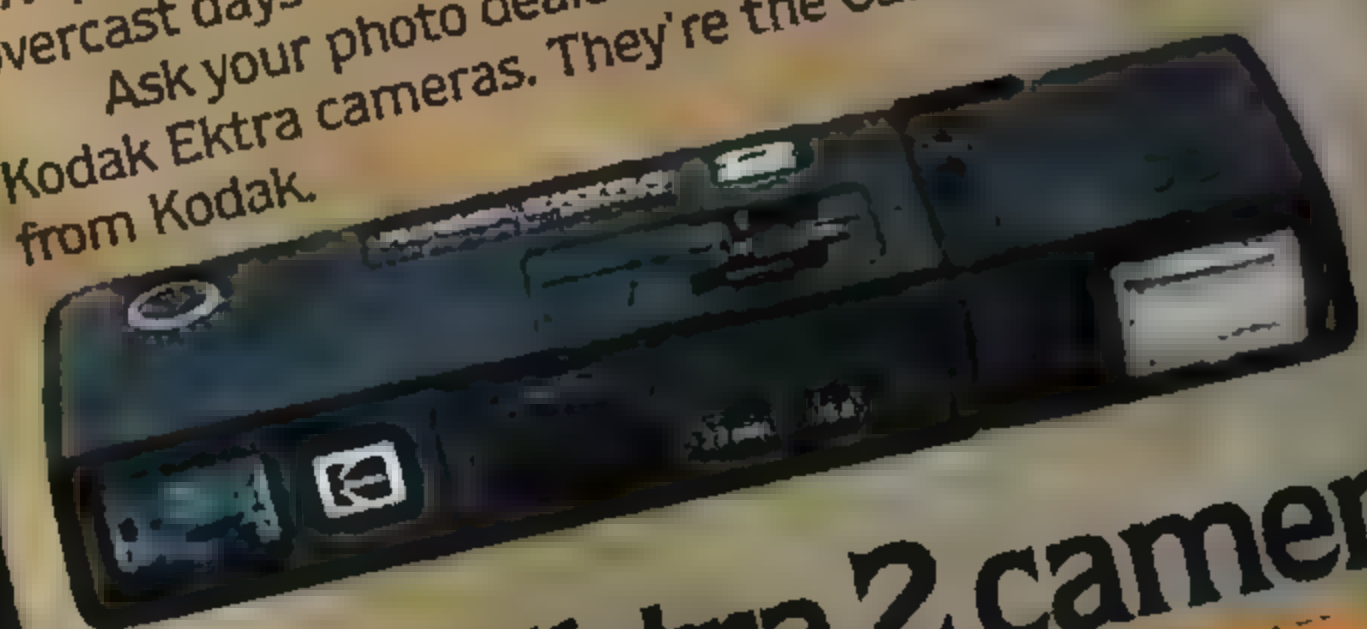
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New Kodak Ektra 2 cameras.
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The spirit of the Czar lives on.

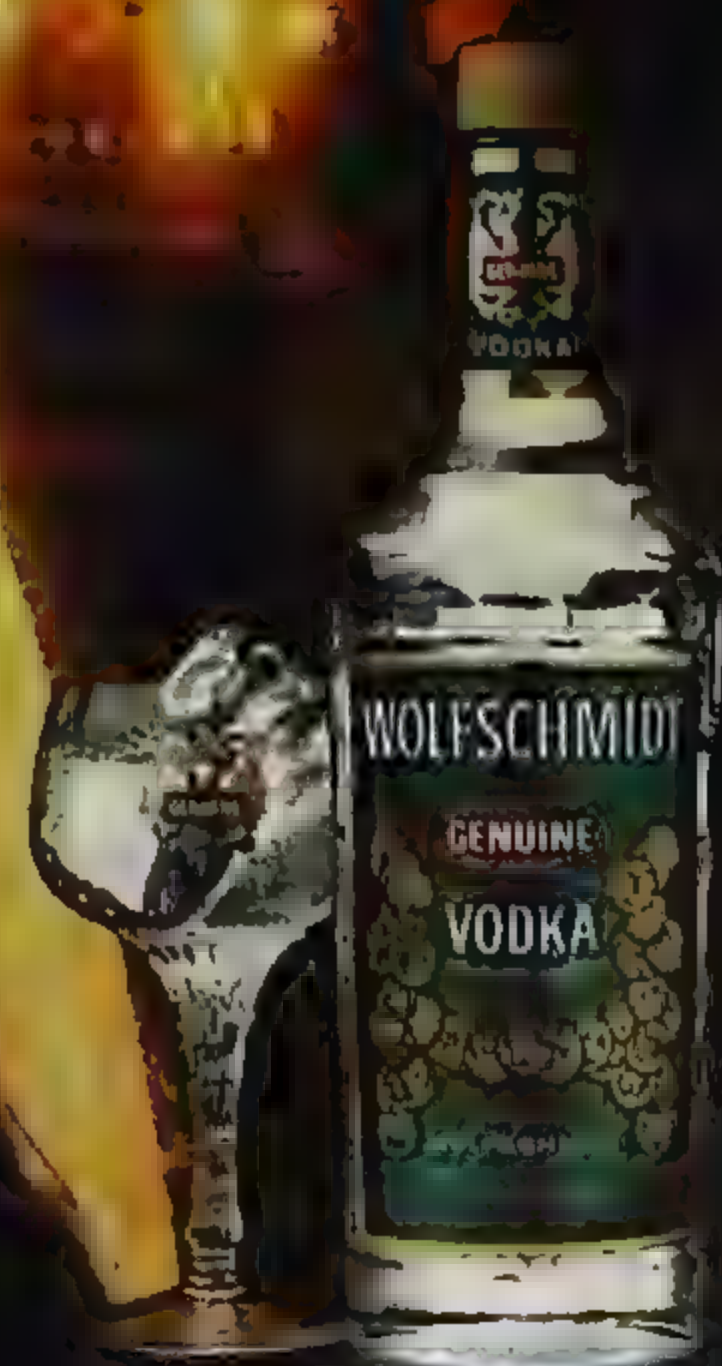
It was the Golden Age of Russia. Yet in this time when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver ruble with his fist. And had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

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MARION RAPLAN

Peter's adrift

Peter Ustinov says he's tired of being typed in movies as a wisecracking bon vivant or "some damned Ruritanian royalty." So he's getting away from all that in *Ashanti*, portraying an Arab slave trader in modern Africa. His hot

cargo on Kenyan location includes a number of Kikuyus and *Vogue* model Beverly Johnson (head bowed, far right), whom he's snagged from her husband (Michael Caine). "With another half a dozen slaves like Beverly, I'd start a harem," proclaims Ustinov. Yes, and be right back in Ruritania.



JULIAN WASSER

StarTracks CONTINUED

Altman ponies up

Gloria Steinem called fund raising "the second oldest profession," and there were indeed some classy Johns at the ERA party at Marlo Thomas' Beverly Hills spread. On hand to raise consciousnesses and bucks were Chevy Chase, Sidney Poitier, Norman Lear and Cher (who admitted, "I had no knowledge of ERA till Marlo asked me a week ago"). But none of them matched the act of Robert (Nashville) Altman, who, inspired by Susan Blakely (at his right) and her feminist friends, pledged up to \$2 million of the profits (if any) from his long-delayed next film, *A Wedding*. The director explained that he wasn't necessarily wed to the cause but was carried away by the occasion. "If I've got it, they can have it."



Cat gets pawed

Ken Norton wasn't the only world champ to get whupped. Knockout blonde Cat Davis, the class of the women lightweights, was dropped six times in the first three rounds of a nontitle free-for-all in Atlanta. Her fiancé-manager, Sal Algieri, could stand no more and flung in the towel for her first loss after 16 victories (15 by KO). Later he charged the winner, 10th-ranked Connie Smith of Chicago, with illegal ring tactics, and the match was declared "no contest." En route to the hospital for treatment and tests, Cat moaned, "There's only one Wonder Woman and she's in the comics."



Now a New York exurbanite, Watts finds the country's heedless pleasures—such as a brisk game of badminton, right—are just the antidote for the tensions of migrant concertizing (inset, a recent performance in Edinburgh, Scotland).

BIO

ANDRE WATTS STILL FINDS FEAR AND MAGIC ON THE CONCERT STAGE AS HE EMBARKS ON A NEW TOUR



André Watts sits alone in a small music room at Huntington, Long Island, High School, playing on an out-of-tune upright. The passage is the luscious andante theme of Schubert's B-flat Impromptu, one of those innocent, singing melodies for which Schubert is loved. Any competent child can play it, yet for a concert pianist its very simplicity can be nerve-racking, particularly as the first piece of a program. It is an invitation to spectacular mistakes.

Watts makes one slip on this old, brassy upright. Visibly unnerved, he slides quickly off the bench and begins to pace. There is a knock on the door and Watts greets a casual friend as if he were a long-lost relative thought to have perished in the wars. As they talk, Watts grows calm. But then his face suddenly darkens, and his eyes find something worrisome in the middle distance. "Man," he says with a rush of breath, "these small-town concerts really get to me—worse than New York."

Why the naked fear? One of the most widely acclaimed pianists in the country, Watts has been on the concert stage for 15 years. Stage fright

could account for some of his unease—no pianist ever quite escapes it. But Watts is best known for the glorious war-horses of the concert repertoire, the great bravura showpieces nearly all audiences respond to with ovations—no matter who is playing. The project he is now beginning offers none of that security. He is setting out on an all-Schubert series (42 concerts in 22 U.S. cities) of solo and chamber music in honor of the 150th anniversary of the composer's death.

In at least one sense, Schubert—who died all but penniless at 31—will serve him well. "My manager said to me this morning, 'André, do you realize you'll make more money on this series than Schubert made in his whole lifetime?'" Watts, who turns 32 this week, shows no embarrassment. Playing some 100 concerts a year (at a top fee of \$10,000), he earns, with recording royalties, well into seven figures. Yet Schubert, whose music is so much more subtle than the crowd-pleasers

that made Watts famous, seems on this night to be exacting a psychic price. "If, right before you play a passage, you think it's not going to work, it's not," he says. "You can stake your life on it. Like the pianissimo in this passage—you have to risk going right to the edge of audibility, risk losing the notes completely, or it's not going to be right. That's why I try never to play carefully. So much of it is a mental state."

After what Watts calls his "pre-concert futzing around"—taking a few

puffs on a cigar, absentmindedly touching the keys of the upright, rubbing some tonic in his hair and cinching his white tie—he walks alone through a darkened school corridor to the wings.

An only child, Watts was born in Nuremberg in 1946 to a black American GI and his Hungarian war bride. When he was 8, they moved to Philadelphia. Despite the tough parochial schools he attended, where he was "beaten up

regularly," Watts finds his memories of those early days instructive. "So many musicians," he says, "have no idea of real life."

His mother gave André his first piano lesson in Germany at 6, and in the U.S. he attended the Philadelphia Musical Academy. When he was 9, he was chosen from among 40 contestants to play with the Philadelphia Orchestra in a young people's concert. A year later he played with them again. By then he was practicing two hours a

CONTINUED



Watts caters to his gourmet palate with a Western omelet of his own design—carefully protecting the precious hands.

"She's a very sharp lady," Watts says of his mother (below at his 1963 debut), adding, "She's not overawed by my success."



"He just walked on like a Persian prince and played," said patron Leonard Bernstein of Watts' historic debut in New York.

phone rings less often, and there are chores and lawn sports to turn his head and hands to.

Mrs. Watts, who once accompanied him everywhere, kept her apartment in New York. Watts enjoys his self-sufficiency. "People misconstrued our closeness," he says of talk that he was a "stage mother's" boy. "She is, after all, the closest relative I have, and it's really quite true that when you're in the public eye, you have few friends and lots of acquaintances. People start lying to you, giving you compliments you don't deserve and that don't mean anything. So you have to develop just the right kind of self-centeredness, observe yourself, watch where you're going."

One of the things that Watts, a bachelor, observes most closely is his romantic life. "The fun thing to do after a concert would be to find a really nice girl and go out on the town," he says, "and I used to do that. But then I'd get to the next concert sweating tennis balls and not knowing what I was doing. You have to distinguish between the sexual drive—which is really inseparable from the creative drive—and the act of sex. Men with a weak sexual interest, in whatever direction, tend also to be weak creators. But even a man with a strong sex drive, if he acts on it every day, will deplete his creative drive, you know? It is the life force, after all."

Watts believes that to direct this force into his music is what the pianist's gift is all about. "On recordings, the audience doesn't feel your presence," he explains. "But in the hall you can bring off your interpretation by

day, and when he tried to avoid it, his mother would patiently recount the careers of famous musicians, most frequently Liszt's. If that failed, André would get a slap.

At about the age of 14, André developed what he calls a "healthy fanaticism" for the piano. It coincided with his parents' separation. Watts hasn't seen or heard from his father for years. "Sometimes I'm disgustingly cold-blooded," he says now. "I don't see him, I don't know him—you know, it's finished." That year he played Franck's epic *Symphonic Variations* with the Philadelphia Orchestra.

By the time he was 16 he had won all the local competitions for which he was eligible. That year he heard Leonard Bernstein was holding auditions in New York, and he rushed to apply. His first auditioner, Bernstein's longtime secretary Helen Coates, ran for the maestro when she heard him, and Bernstein, as he tells it himself, "flipped." Not long after that Glenn Gould canceled a concert with the Philharmonic, and Bernstein called on Watts. New York was in the grip of a newspaper strike at the time, and the change was not announced publicly.

Gould's fiercely partisan audience was audibly displeased when his replacement, a skinny adolescent, walked onstage. But by the end of his playing of the E-flat Liszt concerto—a sensitive performance that was never just pyrotechnical—the entire audience jumped to its feet and cheered. Even the members of the or-

chestra gave him a standing ovation. Watts went offstage in a daze. "It was very strange," he says. "A fascinating, bewildering time. It took a while to really figure out what had happened."

Invitations to play began piling up in the office of his new manager, William Judd. Mrs. Watts, however, was determined to see her son through high school and the new repertoire he would have to master to sustain a career. She prevailed, as usual in those days. Watts finished the 11th and 12th grades in the next eight months and played only six concerts. The next year he played 12, the next 15, and soon he was up to his present average of 100. He also began taking classes toward the artist's diploma he won at Baltimore's Peabody Conservatory in 1972. There he studied with the famous pianist and conductor Leon Fleisher, who was Watts' musical mentor and, the young man says, "my only real teacher."

Until he was 29 Watts' home was an apartment in New York across from Carnegie Hall. His mother lived in another apartment in the same building, cooked his meals, did his laundry, paid his bills and generally kept his life in order. But three years ago, "I realized I was never alone there," he says. "There was always the phone, my multitude of New York friends, the pace of the city."

Now, at least five weeks a year, home for him is a six-acre, chic-rustic spread in upstate Suffern, N.Y. The

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 55

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Retrieving a car from a stream is odd work for a city-boy pianist, but Watts (center) says his new country life is "recharging."

BLOCONTINUED

force of concentration and will." The pianist's ability to connect with the audience is "a big Fleisher thing," says Watts, and a function of one's ego. "Music must speak to the emotions. It must make a conversation—like I say something to you, and then I qualify it in another tone of voice. That's exactly what the musical line is. Playing Schubert is like walking down the street with a pushcart full of melodies, holding them out saying, 'Won't you have one? Don't you love this one?' You have to be able to put the music on a platter and wave that platter under the nose of every person in the hall."

Watts believes in his ability to do that but cannot quite believe in lavish praise. "You know that your work will never be finished and you'll never give everything you have. There's a kind of pleasure in that pain, but even when you're having a big success—you know, people having coronaries in the hall—you go home and ask yourself what it would've been like if you'd used all your abilities."

What separates brilliance from competence? It is the basic question all performers ask themselves, and one which he isn't particularly anxious to discuss. "It takes hard work to bring the music out," he says. "It would be too

easy for me to mystify the process." He makes his own job sound mundane. And yet in his liking for samurai movies and certain cartoon characters, particularly the Roadrunner, Watts betrays a contrary streak—"a desire," he admits, "to do the impossible." He is fascinated by Harry Houdini and takes animated pleasure in revealing the secrets of the late illusionist's feats. "Magic is all explainable, you see!" he exclaims. "What Houdini had was guts—that is the name of the game. I really believe that all people are born with that ability—to live life creatively, to the hilt. But from the moment the doctor slaps your bottom, it begins to get squelched. Fear is the big thing. People are just afraid. I don't blame them either."

And is that what he means about not playing carefully—not giving in to the fear? "Look," he says, his voice going low, "the ideal musical performer is schizoid, meaning, I sit at the piano and I'm really all there, you know, intending every note. [Did you ever see Houdini do that trunk thing under the frozen river?] But at the same time there's another me at my shoulder, saying, 'You're going too fast. Pull it back.' [Well, Houdini and his wife took this long kiss, long enough for them to transfer

a tiny sawblade they could hold in their mouths.] And that's something you have to cultivate. Total involvement is no good; total uninvolvedness is no good; both are necessary. And there's nothing easy about that. [He picked the lock on the chain and sawed through the ropes. When he finally got out, he couldn't find the hole in the ice, so he swam around sucking at air bubbles to keep himself alive.] It's a funny business. When you start to talk about performing, I think you can get very scared."

Watts marches onstage, and his wiry black hair turns sun-yellow in klieglight. At the piano, he puts a hand on the music rack, bows to the audience, then sits down and adjusts the bench slightly. His elbows float upward, and his fingers touch the keys lightly. It's a noisy audience, he says to himself, and starts to tune them out. The impromptu begins, and an unnameable feeling in his stomach begins to grow. His ears get warm. The melody is singing, until it spirals down at last to a pianissimo—barely audible, lovely as a distant bell.

JAMES R. GAINES

OUT OF THE PAGES



"She's got more money than she can spend," says Judith Krantz' husband. Shopkeeper Betty Dorso helps her try.



Hubby Steve is laid back about his wife's success but admits, "I'm grateful I had 24 years of marriage first."

Photographs by Tony Costa



DOES JUDITH KRANTZ HAVE SCRUPLES? NO, SHE'S BEEN VACCINATED—IT'S AN OLD JOKE AND A NEW BEST-SELLER

In Middle America," says Judith Krantz, "everyone hints about everyone else's sex life, but no one really knows. In New York everyone knows about everyone else's sex life and gossips about it like crazy. In Los Angeles everyone knows about everyone else's sex life, and no one gives a damn."

Everywhere she goes people want to talk about sex with Krantz, a 46-year-old mother of two, because of her best-selling novel, *Scruples*. It is a high-flown fantasy about fooling around in the world of film and fashion.

Successful as it is (Krantz has already made nearly a million dollars), *Scruples* and its author have taken a beating. The book—which some critics are comparing to the steamy output of the late Jacqueline Susann—has been called trash and unnecessarily raunchy. Interviewers have scolded Krantz for detailing fantasies that no nice Jewish Wellesley graduate ought to have. "When you write about the rich and famous," she says philosophically, "reviewers are a little less likely to take you seriously." Book-sellers also advised her that with less sex they would have sold more copies—at least around Mother's Day. Even the author's mom, still a working lawyer at 76, found the book "a little hard for a mother."

"They've done everything but tattoo a 'P' for Pornographer on my chest," sighs Krantz, an angelic-looking blonde. On a slightly discomfiting promotional tour, she reports, "One reporter in Seattle, a 26-year-old woman, told me she thought the greatest love scene ever written was when Rhett carried Scarlett up the stairs."

Krantz realizes that a lot of men are bothered by what she calls the "healthy libidos" of the women in her novel—particularly the rags-to-riches Billy Ikehorn, who owns a smash boutique called *Scruples*. "I think even sexually liberated men find women who approach sex with the same variety of emotions—lust, love, need, emptiness, happiness, sorrow, rage—can be very threatening. They may understand that women can feel something be-

sides passivity and compliance about sex, but beyond that there is some fear, some anxiety." As for the libidos under her own roof—she has been married since 1954 to her 6'3" husband—Judith smiles and says, "I found writing the sex scenes a tremendous turn-on that would last for hours."

Krantz is no stranger to the wild side. She was a contributing editor to *Cosmopolitan* for a decade, producing "heavy psychological" stuff: "The Myth of the Multiple Orgasm," for example, and "Are You a Royal Pain in the...?" In 1972 her husband, Steve, 49, produced *Fritz the Cat*, an X-rated cartoon that grossed \$90 million.

Born on Manhattan's West Side, the former Judith Tarcher went to Birch Wathen, a private school, with little Barbara Walters. In fact, Judith met her future husband in the Walters dining room. After Wellesley and a year in Paris (chronicled somewhat in *Scruples*) Krantz worked for a variety of women's magazines, switching to freelance just after her first son was born. The family moved to Beverly Hills seven years ago so Father could produce *Fritz*, and Krantz says she felt like a native "in about two days."

Steve's success on his own has been a big help in knowing how to handle Judy's burst of glory. "He has been really a marvel," she says. "He understands about the money." Nonetheless, Steve calls her fame "disorienting—no matter how liberated a man you think you are, it's an adjustment."

Their younger son, Tony, 19, is smitten with Mom's success and wants to show her off to his college friends at Berkeley. Nick, 21, who attends USC, has kept remarkably quiet. "He sort of ignores the whole thing," she says.

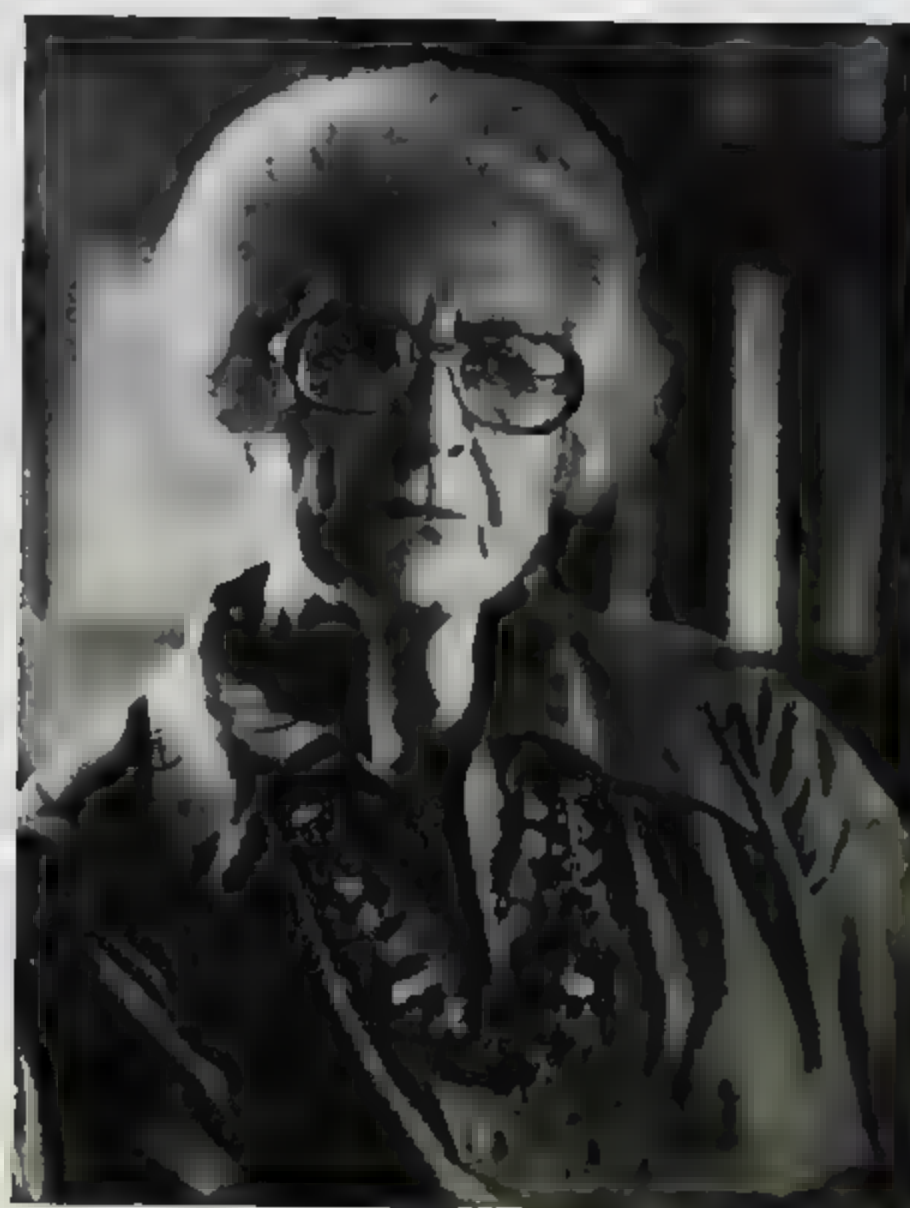
Judith is now working on her second novel, for which she has a \$400,000 advance, eight times bigger than that for *Scruples*. But because she lives in Hollywood, where plots get stolen like penny candy, she isn't saying a word about it. Except that this one won't have quite as much sex.

SUE REILLY

Judith Krantz knows she's a star now: "I can always get a table at Ma Malson—if I call two days in advance."

MEDICS

PSYCHIATRIST HILDE BRUCH SAVES ANOREXIA NERVOSA PATIENTS FROM STARVING THEMSELVES TO DEATH



Dr. Hilde Bruch says anorexia patients—such as the 22-year-old Chicago woman at left—starve themselves partly because “they don’t want to be conventional; they want to be extraordinary.”

The dedication of Dr. Hilde Bruch’s recently published *The Golden Cage* reads: “To the skinny kids who helped me write this book.”

The phrase is a blend of gratitude and irony, for her collaborators, mostly teenage girls from well-to-do families, were victims of a bizarre disease called anorexia nervosa. Bruch, 74, a professor of psychiatry at Baylor College of Medicine in Houston, is perhaps the nation’s foremost expert on what she terms the “psycho-social illness” that impels young girls—boys are almost never affected—to starve themselves compulsively. They come to look like “walking skeletons” but think of themselves as attractively slender.

Most victims eat only minuscule amounts of food. One of Bruch’s patients stood 5’9” and weighed 62 pounds. Another, 14, told the doctor: “Of course I ate breakfast. I had my Cheerio.” She wasn’t joking. Others pretend to eat but hide the food in their clothes or surreptitiously feed it to pets. Sometimes they go on eating binges, then induce vomiting or take massive doses of laxatives, upsetting the body’s metabolism even

CONTINUED



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Medics CONTINUED

further. Some anorexics die from such side effects.

Bruch is currently treating 18 patients, several referred to her by frustrated therapists in other parts of the country. She believes there may be "tens of thousands" of cases, most undiagnosed, in the U.S. A British study estimates that one of every 200 girls in private schools in that country is afflicted. "It has become," Bruch says, "the hottest illness to have right now."

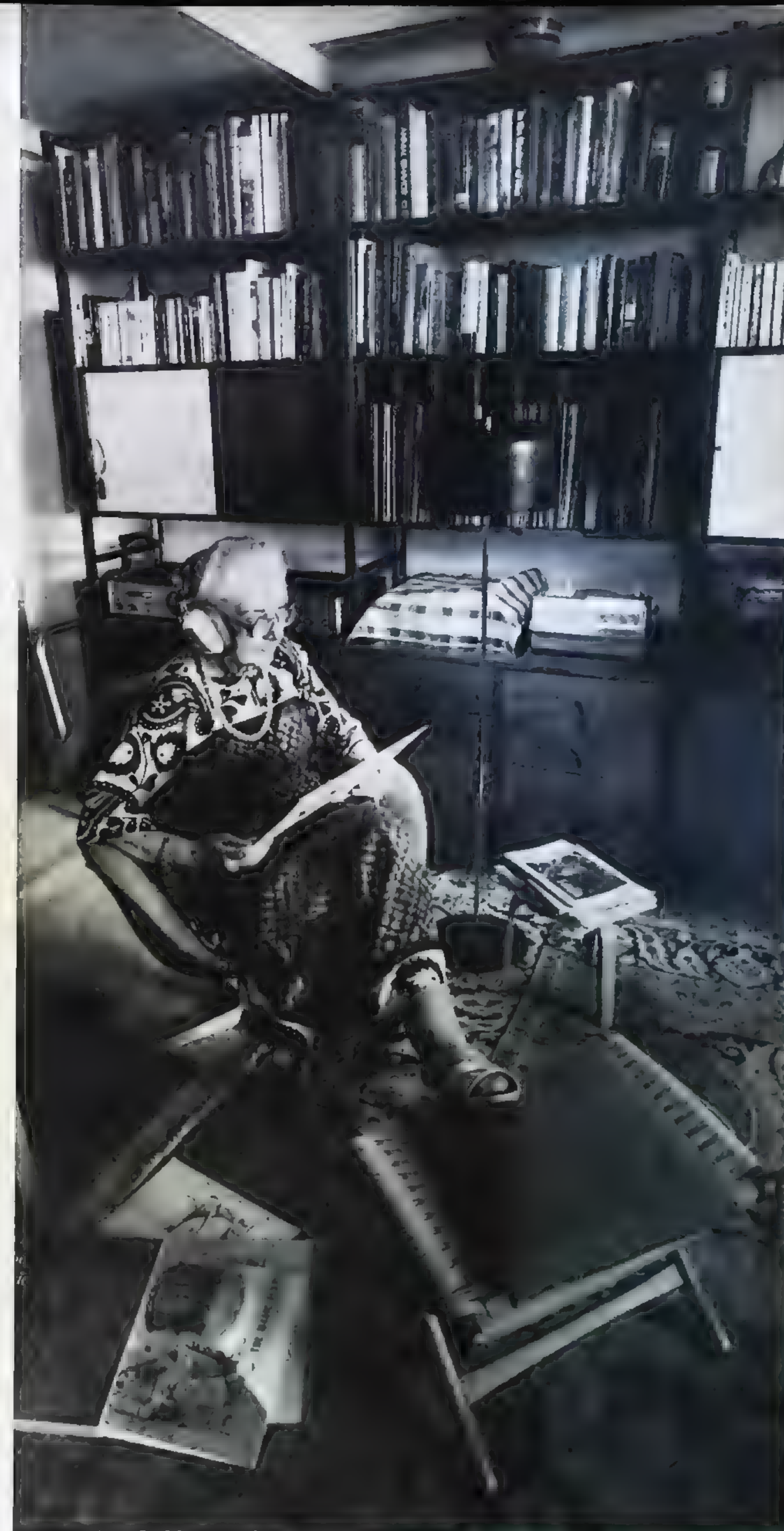
Born to wealth in Germany herself, Bruch earned an M.D. from Freiburg's Albert Ludwig University in 1929, but to escape the rise of Nazism emigrated to England in 1933 and to the U.S. in 1934. She lost her brother, sister and the man she hoped to marry in the concentration camps of World War II. She never wed but adopted and raised an orphaned nephew—Herbert Bruch, 45, a research mathematician—while practicing and studying in Baltimore and New York. After specializing in the treatment of obese children at Manhattan's Babies Hospital, Bruch turned to psychiatric aspects of child care. She began to encounter anorexia nervosa in the early '60s.

She took the title of her book from a patient who called herself "a sparrow in a golden cage," because she considered herself unworthy of her affluent family. Such attitudes are common among anorexics. Bruch says a basic cause of the disease is the patient's delusion of failing to live up to her own and her parents' expectations.

"During the 1950s," Bruch argues, "it was acceptable to be a compliant, nice, sweet girl. If she was bright enough, and from the upper class, she was supposed to go to college and meet a nice Harvard man and settle down. Now this same girl goes to college to write a Ph.D. thesis and get a job in Washington. Girls with conforming personalities feel obliged to do something that demands a great degree of independence in order to be respected and recognized. When they get stuck, the only independence they feel they have is to control their bodies."

CONTINUED

Bruch limits her patient load so she can read, write, entertain Baylor colleagues and travel—this year to the Andes or China.



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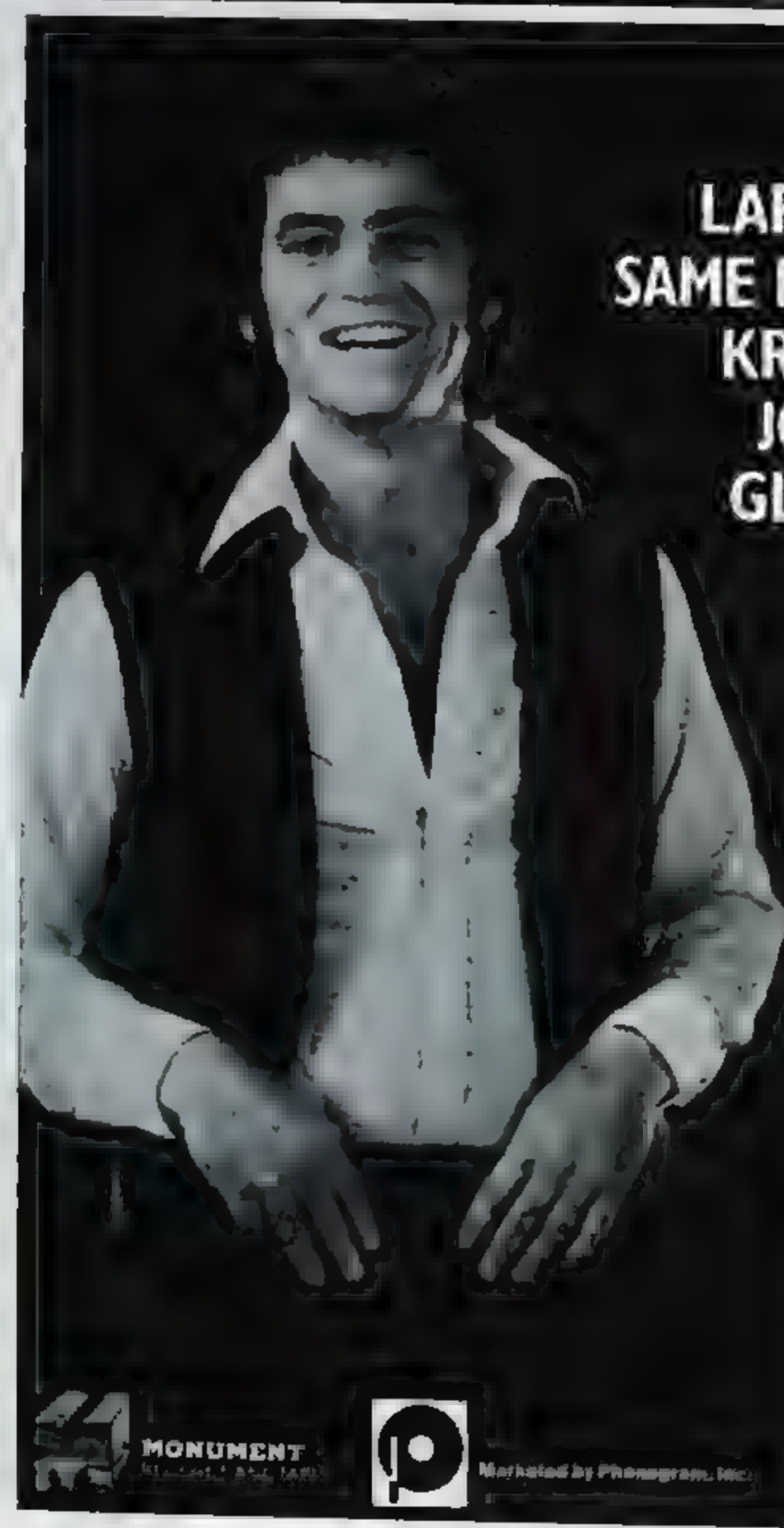
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Medics CONTINUED

Anorexia nervosa (literally "nervous loss of appetite") was first observed in France and England around 1870, a time Bruch sees as marking the first emancipation of women. "I am convinced," she declares, "the illness goes together with the women's movement, because this is what the girls want: to show that they are something special." (She also says the modern emphasis on slimness is a factor; many anorexics are former crash dieters.)

For parents of potential victims, she cites the following signs of incipient anorexia: severe dieting, strenuous solitary exercise, fanatic perfectionism at school, menstrual cessation, social isolation and sleeplessness. "There is no time to fool around and think it will go away," she warns.

Bruch treats her young patients (for two to three years) by trying to convince them they have their own abilities and don't need to starve themselves to attract attention. "They feel that if they gave in to their normal drives, they would reveal themselves as absolutely low, gross, base, inadequate, evil persons," the doctor says. "You have to convince them they are capable, honest, lovable, warm people. When they feel that good about themselves, treatment is finished. It's a pretty big job."

KENT DEMARET



Her own appetite intact, Bruch mixes a strawberry dalquid in her Houston apartment near the Texas Medical Center.

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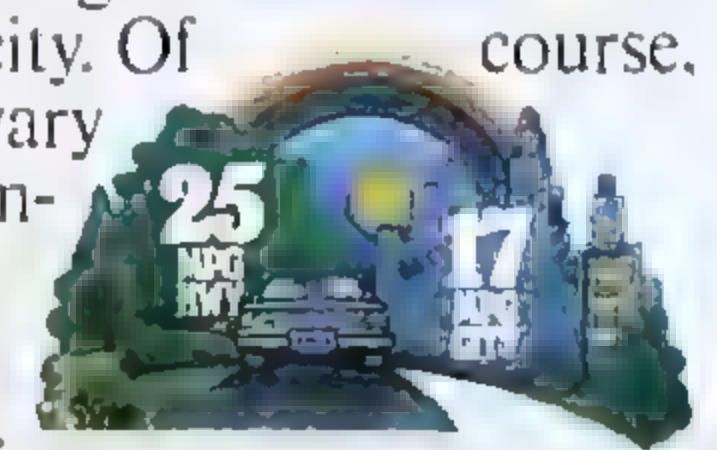


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the next parish. Go past the "three R's" place, and where David's lad abides, turn onto a red dirt road. At the black gold storage place, head north.

Look for a warning.

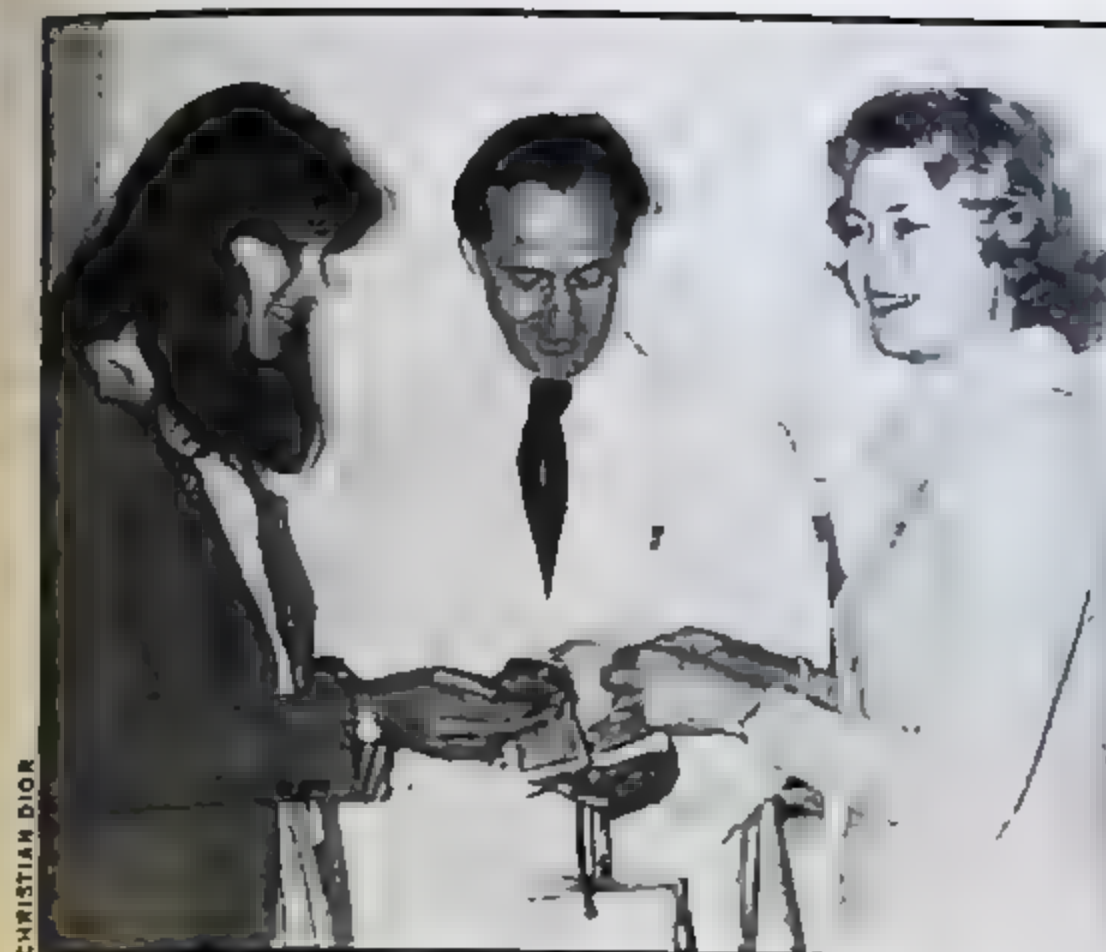
Two hard left turns and a short drive will bring you to an old sawmill. Continue till you are warned about digging and stop (if you're warned more than once, you've gone too far). On your right is an overgrown trail. Follow it to two former money-makers. From one of them, take a bearing of 160 degrees, and take a pace for each of the 120 years people have been enjoying Canadian Club. Now take 44 more in any direction but the one you've come from to where three stumps form a triangle.

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CHRISTIAN DIOR

STYLE^{IN}

MUM IS PRINCESS GRACE AND THE WORD AS MARC BOHAN DESIGNS THE WEDDING GOWN OF THE YEAR

For a man who dresses some of the most beautiful women in the world, he is remarkably anonymous. Barbra Streisand, Sophia Loren, the Queen of Sweden and the Shahbanou of Iran all wear clothes designed by Marc Bohan of the House of Dior. So do *les dames du désert*, the wives of Saudi Arabia's oil-rich sheikhs. Now he is completing one of the most prestigious fashion assignments of the decade—the wedding dress 21-year-old Princess Caroline will wear when she becomes Mme. Philippe Junot next week.

"My choice of Marc Bohan seemed perfectly natural," says Princess Grace, the bride's mother and a Dior customer for 25 years. "After all, it was he who designed Princess Caroline's first ball gown. His designs are very feminine and well balanced. I like their simplicity and elegance." In fact, Dior seamstresses are putting finishing touches on four other royal commissions for the big week in Monaco: Caroline's prewedding ball gown, the dress Grace will wear to the cathedral service June 29, and short frocks for mother and daughter for the civil ceremony the day before.

CONTINUED

Princess Grace, Caroline and Bohan in his white work coat examine fabric swatches for Caroline's trousseau at the House of Dior in Paris. Bohan (below) keeps mum about his masterpiece.



P. PIRELLA GÖTTSCHE



CHRISTIAN DIOR

Queen Silvia of Sweden has final adjustments made to her bridal train by Bohan and an assistant before her 1976 wedding.

"She wants to be pretty, not eccentric," is all the designer will reveal.

The discretion is typical; Bohan is a reclusive and sometimes snappish man. But as the artistic director of Dior, France's largest couture house with boutiques in such far-flung capitals as Santiago and Taipei, he is also the only designer considered to be the equal of Yves Saint Laurent. It was Bohan who expanded Dior's ready-to-wear to include a children's and men's line in 1967. Today the Dior signature is stamped on stockings, ties, lingerie, lighters and sheets. A typical Bohan-designed dress sells for \$2,000, and some often go higher than \$5,000—but the label also says "Dior" with no mention of Bohan. Last year his company grossed over \$200 million.

The 51-year-old Bohan never, but *jamais*, follows the pack. Two years ago, when Saint Laurent was deep into his flamboyant costume period, Bohan alone among French couturiers held his ground. "Overdressing is vulgar," he declares. "Such big clothes don't make sense when we are forced into small spaces." Last year Bohan dressed his models like Colette's schoolgirl Gigi. This year the Gibson Girl look was all over his spring showing. "I detest the avant-garde," he explains. As one fashion critic describes the two rivals: "Saint Laurent designs for museums. Bohan makes clothes for women." Bohan himself sees it this way: "Saint Laurent is spectacular and theatrical. I am more private."

Style CONTINUED

The European press is all adither, but Caroline, who is finishing her university exams this month in Paris, superstitiously refuses to supply a single detail, although she has been slipping into Dior unnoticed for the past six months to consult with Bohan.

Empress Farah chose Bohan to design the gown and robes she wore at the coronation of the Shah in Tehran in 1967.



C. BAYAGHOLI/LIFE

Even as a youngster growing up outside Paris with four younger brothers and sisters, Bohan was a solitary figure. Drawing and fashion were his adolescent passions, and his mother, who ran a hat shop, took him along to see the collections of Chanel and Schiaparelli. When he was 18, his father, a stern financier, insisted Marc take a job in a bank. "It was dreadful," says Bohan, who would sneak away at lunch to see the collections. The next year he landed his first designer's job with the now defunct house of Robert Piguet, working alongside the young Hubert de Givenchy. Six years later Bohan started his own fashion house, which failed after one season because of inadequate capital. "It marked me," he says. "It was an enormous deception." The unhappy experience convinced him that he was destined to work for somebody else.

In 1954 Bohan began designing haute couture for Jean Patou. His mother was "enchanted" with his success; Bohan's father withheld his approval until after his son joined Dior. But upon the elder Bohan's death in 1974, the designer was startled to find a pile of press clippings about his career, which his secretly proud father had hidden away. In 1958, one year after the death of founder Christian Dior, Bohan was asked to design for Dior in London. His nemesis, the young Saint Laurent, was

CONTINUED

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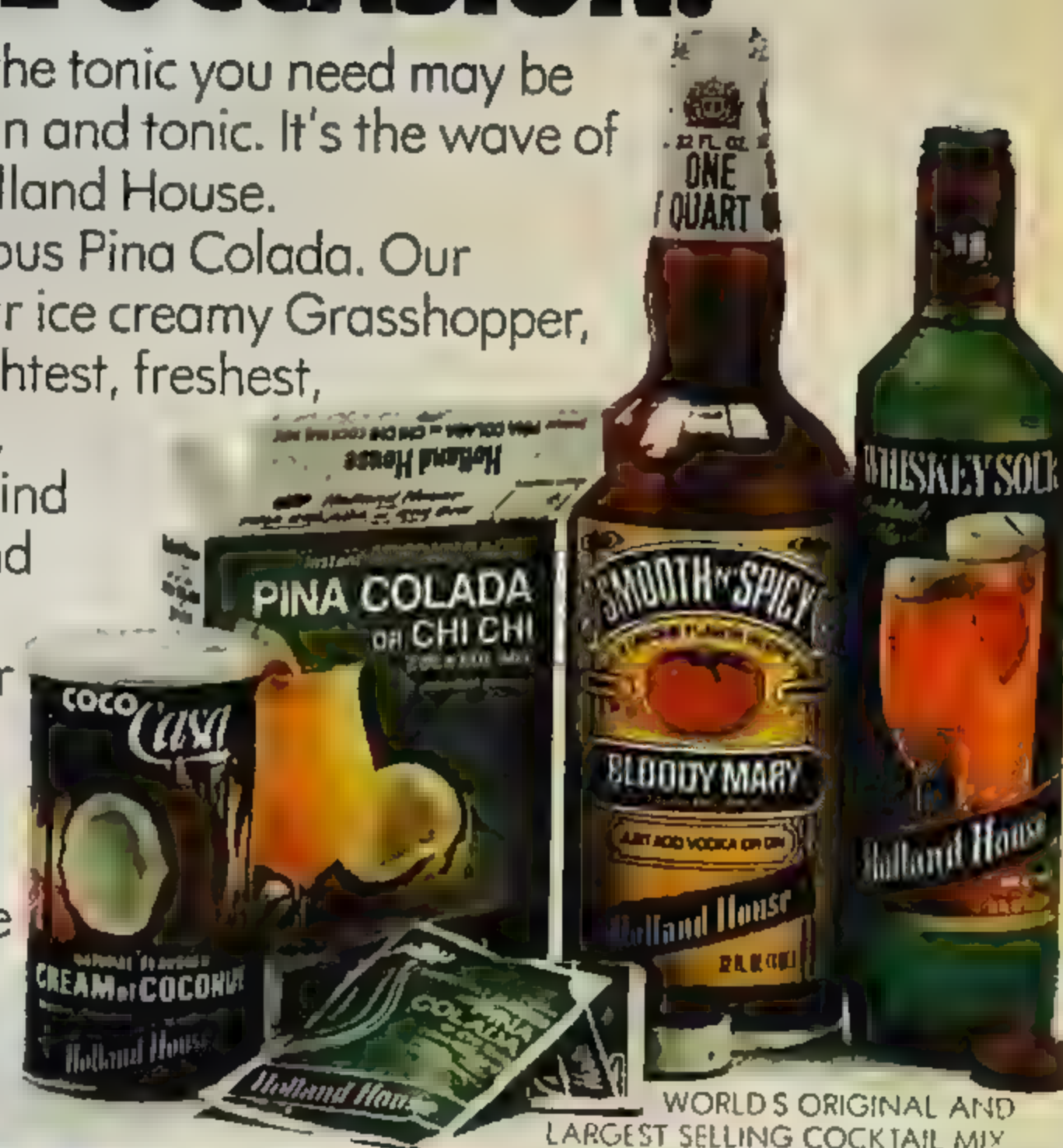
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Style CONTINUED

by then in charge of Paris operations for the house. Two years later Bohan took over entire artistic responsibility when Yves was drafted.

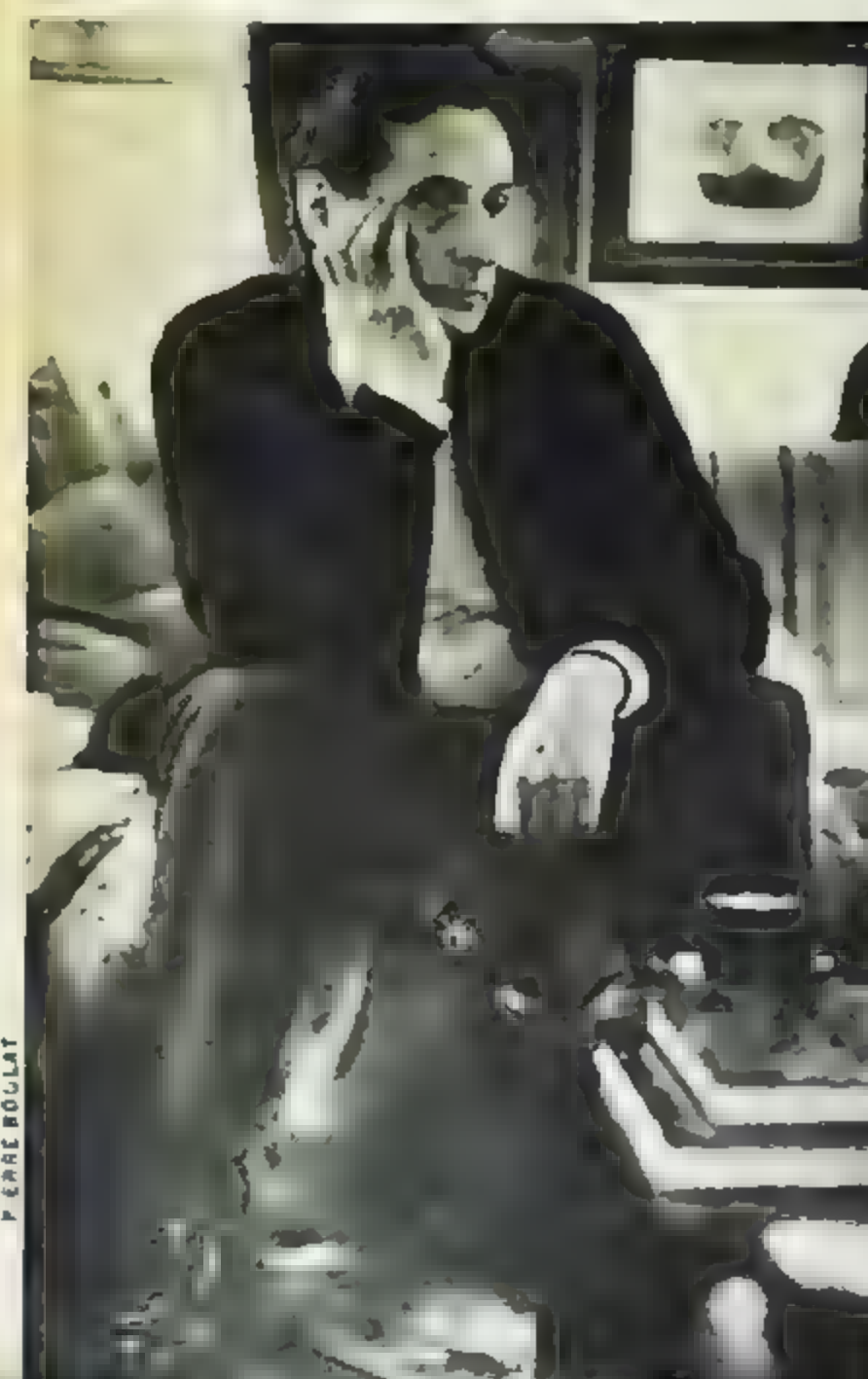
Since then Bohan's life has settled into a routine. Each morning at 9:30 he arrives at the Dior atelier on Paris' Avenue Montaigne. "I must be organized, otherwise I lose myself," says the designer, who keeps a distance between himself and his employees. Times when he must show his collection are especially difficult. "I really get nervous. I'm easily pushed over the edge," he explains. At the end of each show, he bolts from the hall. "It's the best moment of the day," he insists. "I'm going home."

Home for the moody widower is both a small, art-filled apartment, one block from the Dior boutique, and a comfortable converted farmhouse south of Paris near Fontainebleau. Bohan's wife died in an automobile accident in 1962, and their only child, Marie-Anne, 24, lives in England. "I have never had friends in the fashion world," says Bohan. "These people get on my nerves. All they talk about is fashion." The one exception is his close companion, Philippe Guibourgé, the ready-to-wear designer at Chanel.

Bohan has always treasured his anonymity. "Putting my name on everything doesn't interest me," he says soberly. "Staying behind the name Dior is perhaps my search for security. I'm not an adventurer."

PAMELA ANDRIOTAKIS

Told that many people do not know he is the designer behind the world-famous house of Dior, Bohan sniffs: "Too bad."



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Records & Tapes



Shaping up (top) for battles ahead, Voight took time out for basketball with his vet buddies and a trip to Cannes (right) with co-star and fellow crusader Jane Fonda. "We argued," she says admiringly, "but we shared a vision."



The Vietnamization of Hollywood has been escalating ever since the money men figured out—some 10 years too late—that the DMZ wasn't a mind-altering chemical and that the Tet offensive wasn't Freddie Silverman's new programming strategy. Now the light at the end of the tunnel is coming from the projectionist's booth. Henry Winkler had already made his statement on Vietnam in *Heroes*; Nick Nolte and Francis Coppola are soon to be heard from. Quite possibly, however, the most passionate antiwar vehicle is

already here. A decade after Tet and his own career breakthrough in *Midnight Cowboy*, Hollywood maverick Jon Voight has not only sent admiring reviewers to the thesaurus but has also just won the best-actor award at the Cannes Film Festival as the paraplegic Vietnam vet in *Coming Home*. "I think he'll win the Oscar," predicts co-star Jane Fonda. "I can't imagine any other actor who tops that performance."

Voight's mastery of the difficult role represents an impressive recovery for

an intense, self-questioning actor who freely admits his career was "in a bad spot" and his life worse. "It was a rough time," says Jon, a deceptively boyish 39, who followed *Midnight Cowboy* with one smash (*Deliverance*), one underrated effort (*Conrack*) and a run of losers like *The Revolutionary*. "People sense that I don't have it all together, and I'm sure they don't want the headache of working with me," admits Voight, whose obstinacy and perfectionism on the set often try his colleagues. Overanalytical and com-

plex, Jon turned down the Ryan O'Neal role in *Love Story* and Richard Burton's in *Exorcist II* and didn't have a box office winner for four years. "I was in bad shape," he says. "It was an accumulation of fear and lack of success." His father, to whom Jon was very close, had been killed in an auto accident in 1974. His six-and-a-half-year second marriage, to actress Marcheline Haven, the mother of his two children, began to dissolve. He fell into debt and reentered therapy, which he had started during *Midnight Cowboy*.

CONTINUED

Photographs by Co Rentmeester

OFF THE SCREEN

DOWN BUT NOT OUT, JON VOIGHT FINDS DELIVERANCE WITH ALLY JANE FONDA IN 'COMING HOME'



ScreenCONTINUED

His turning point came when Voight, long one of the movie colony's activists, ran into Jane Fonda on a fund-raising trip for the senatorial campaign of her husband, Tom Hayden. Jon had collaborated with Hayden on an anti-Vietnam war slide show and was, says Fonda, "an old friend by Hollywood standards." She mentioned *Coming Home* and the part of her Marine captain husband (eventually played by Bruce Dern). The director was then still hopeful of casting Jack Nicholson or Al Pacino as Jane's crippled lover. But Voight found himself hung up on "the anger and pain and humanity" of the character. "He forced himself down our throats," Fonda reports, "and I'm forever grateful. He was like a dog getting his teeth into a bone." Of course, the movie's original polemics were not over the war but the script. "I don't want to be a nice boy on the set

and pussyfoot around," explains Voight. "I want somebody opposite me sophisticated enough to understand I don't give a damn if I make an ass of myself or if I'm stupid or crazy or unwholesome." As Fonda remembers it, "We argued the way people can when they know they care about each other."

Voight immersed himself in his role by living for 11 weeks at the Rancho Los Amigos Hospital near L.A. with "the other chairs," as he calls them. (He still keeps a wheelchair in his home that he sits in when ex-GI friends visit. Director Hal Ashby marvels, "Here I had an actor who felt bad because he wasn't a paraplegic or a vet.") Jon was especially painstaking about portraying the vets' sexuality accurately. "Not having any feeling in the genital area was the scariest part," he says. "I asked every kind of crazy question, and I had 500 guys telling me how they did

Jimmy Gambino, previously the trainer for Stallone and Travolta, prepares Voight for his forthcoming *The Champ*. For once, Jon's blows aren't self-inflicted.

it." The resulting love scene between Voight and Fonda (who was replaced at times by a "body double") demonstrated what Ashby calls "the gentleness in Jon. I watched the way his hands would move and express things. He's so aware of women." Observes Voight: "The definition of a sexual experience as people coming together and touching each other is very moving for me, very beautiful and powerful. It's a big thing when I'm comfortable and sex goes well and the lady is happy and I'm happy."

It hasn't always been easy. Jon's first marriage, to actress Lauri Peters, whom he met when they both appeared on Broadway in *Sound of Music* in 1962, ended five years later. He and Marcheline separated in 1976. Since then Jon has lived with actress Stacey Peckrin, 24, who played Ophelia to his *Hamlet* in a Cal State Northridge production and had a walk-on as a hooker in *Coming Home*.

A liberated male who coughed up \$1,000 at the recent ERA rally at Joan Hackett's house, Voight shares child care with Marcheline, dishwashing with Stacey and is deeply concerned about both women. "Those two ladies are very important to me," he says, "and it bothers me that they don't have their own identities yet—everything now is tied to who I am." He backs "Marché" (who has a new man herself) in her Lee Strasberg acting class and film work at UCLA and is cheered by the "strength and poise" she's gained since they separated. As for Stacey, Jon raves, "She's going right to the top, that kid."

Voight dates his own performing ambitions to Scarsdale, N.Y., where he grew up the middle son of a story-telling golf pro at a Westchester County club. Jon's first credit was as stage designer and actor when his mother, Barbara, roped him into a grammar school play she was directing. After graduating from Catholic University in Washington, D.C., Voight tried summer stock and studied, along with Pacino and Robert DeNiro, at New York's Neighborhood Playhouse. "I started out as a comedian, thinking I was funny," he recalls. "But I got bored with it and realized I was being a pain in the ass." He met Dustin Hoffman off-Broadway and the two of them made one of the screen's oddest couples

CONTINUED

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ScreenCONTINUED

—Voight's Joe Buck and Hoffman's Ratso Rizzo—in *Midnight Cowboy*. The film won Voight the New York Film Critics Award as best actor and an Oscar nomination (not to mention, between marriages, a brief live-in companion in Jennifer Salt, actress daughter of Waldo Salt, the writer of both that script and *Coming Home*).

"I had big success as a fairly young man," says Voight, "and it's not been easy to live with that kind of pressure." Initially uncomfortable with the perks of stardom, Voight is now adjusting to his new sex-symbol image. "When you're hot, everybody's available," he says. "You look into their eyes and they seem to be saying, 'It's here if you want it.' It's flattering and a temptation, but I'm not in that place right now. I'm not a superstar and don't have that kind of personality." Ever fretful, he continues, "I'm still going to have my ups and downs. But I've learned from my mistakes. Popularity is not the answer. Good honest work is the answer. Then the success is real."

Typically, Voight was not promenading for *paparazzi* in Cannes but had already left for Miami to resume shooting Franco Zeffirelli's remake of *The Champ* when the news came of his award. "Stacey heard first. When I walked in the door she was going crazy and I thought there must be a large lizard in the house. She usually only reacts like that around bad animals."

Between locations, Voight and Stacey share an unassuming, pool-less

Hollywood Knoll home, a half-hour's drive (in his Ford) from Marche and his son James, 5, and daughter Angelica, 3. The Cannes prizewinner still studies acting with his lady under Samantha Harper. Voight's other interests are his causes: ecology, solar energy, gay rights, the alternative press and the

PHILIPPE LEDRU/STYMA

Hayden-Fonda Campaign for Economic Development. "I would like to see the world adjust itself so everybody could do what they enjoyed and not have to crawl all over each other to get to the top of the mountain. The air," Voight has found, "is pretty thin up there." LOIS ARMSTRONG



Voight's tale of two ladies includes his now separated wife, Marcheline (left, with Angie and Jamie), and girlfriend Stacey Peckrin. "For them to be defined by who I am," he protests, "is demeaning."



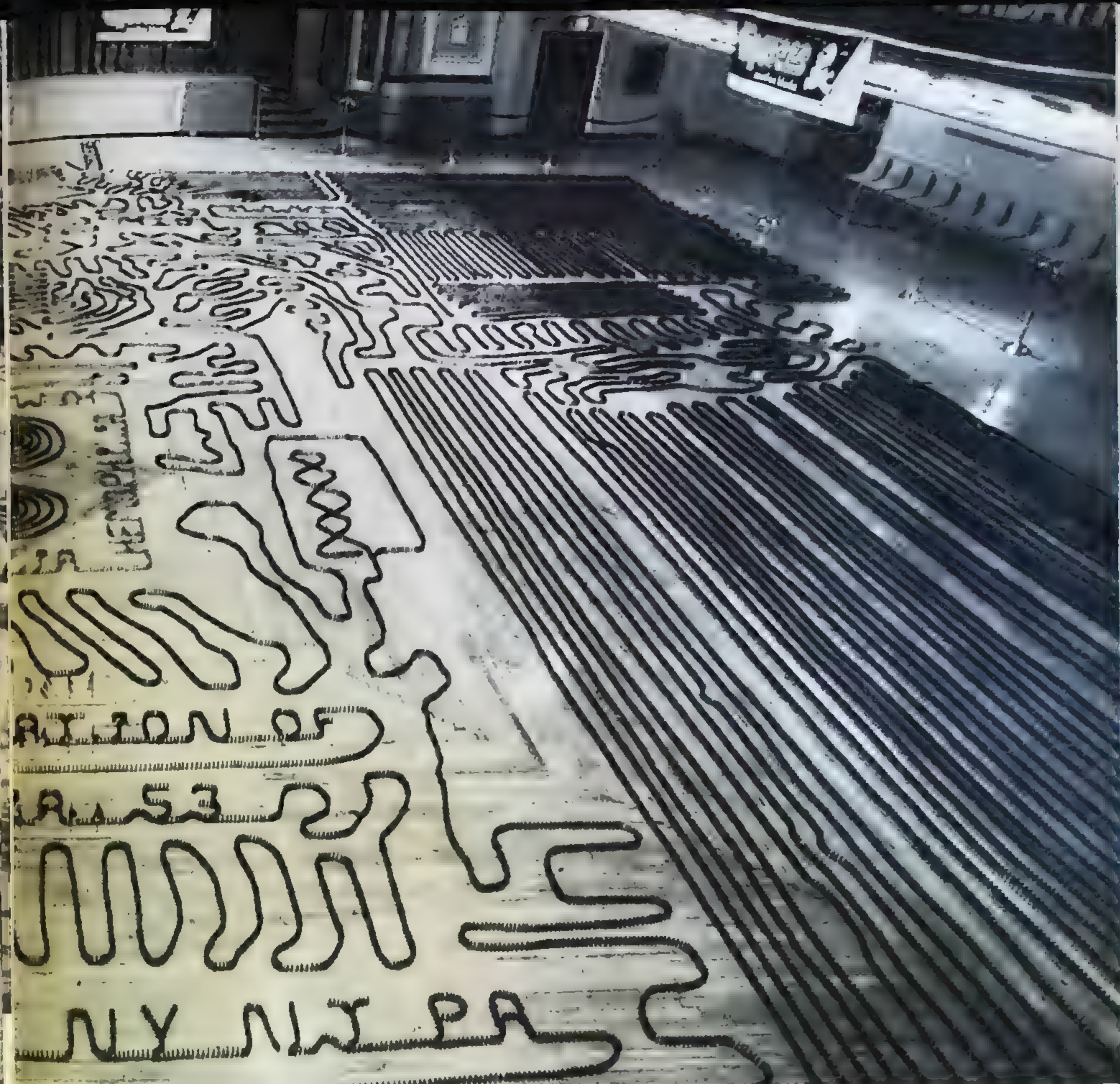
WINNERS

COLLEGE SENIOR BOB SPECA FINDS IT'S NO PUSHOVER TO SET A WORLD RECORD FOR THE DOMINO EFFECT

Specas next goal is 200,000, but his dream is 1,111,111 dominoes. "It would take me four months to set up," he says.

"Setting up dominoes the rest of my life would be pretty good," the champ says. "If the money was there, I'd make it a career." He was not paid for this benefit.

Photographs by Henry Groskinsky



For nine days Bob Specas Jr., 21, crawled around the Manhattan Center ballroom on his hands and knees, setting up dominoes. He suspected cockroaches of slithering out at night and knocking some of them over. But finally the University of Pennsylvania senior had built a Rube Goldberg maze of 100,000 of the little rectangles. It featured ramps, slides and words (the names of his girlfriend and swimming coach, for example)—and Bob was all set to break his own record for non-stop domino toppling.

The show, a fund-raising promotion by the National Hemophilia Foundation,

got under way when 8-year-old hemophiliac Michael Murphy provided the initial push. But as the dominoes began to fall with a soft whoosh, an ABC-TV cameraman leaned over the ballroom balcony and dropped his press card, accidentally triggering a second chain reaction on the opposite side of the room. ("I feel terrible," groaned photographer Manny Alpert later.) Specas stepped quickly through the labyrinth, however, pushed a few of the dominoes aside and isolated the damage. Thirty-one minutes and 20 seconds after the start, Specas had a new record of 97,500

dominoes (his old one: 50,000).

Specas's friends "thought it was crazy" when he began his strange hobby in his family's Broomall, Pa. basement five years ago. Since then, however, he has made two network TV appearances and earned up to 90¢ per domino as an attraction at restaurant and shopping mall openings. Dominoes otherwise hold little attraction. "I never play the game," Specas says. "It's not too interesting." He thinks of his avocation as an art form and objects to being called "eccentric." "If I set them up without any clothes on, that would be eccentric. Right?" □

COURTES

IN TEXAS, MARJOE GORTNER WRAPS HIS FIRST FILM AND HIS SECOND WIFE, CANDY CLARK

The marriage began two months ago, not auspiciously. Candy Clark and Marjoe Gortner, on location in Fabens, Texas, had crossed the border for a quickie Mexican wedding. They were standing on a street corner in Zaragoza outside a justice of the peace.

"We loitered for an hour with newspapers and dust blowing all around us, trying to make up our minds to go in," Clark says. "People drove by honking because they could see what was happening. The sun started to go down. I couldn't decide yes or no anymore. I was in a maybe state."

Fortunately for romance's sake, Gortner at that point seized the initiative—also his fiancée's elbow—and guided her into the office. The 10-minute ceremony cost \$60—payable in advance, presumably because the J.P. did not recognize Gortner, 34, as the former boy evangelist turned actor-producer or Clark, 31, as the dippy blonde from *American Graffiti*. Their

anonymity helped them keep the marriage secret (only her mother and two pals knew) for seven weeks until one of the friends blabbed. Candy herself could barely contain the news at times. "I didn't think I was ever going to get married," she says. "I vowed I never would."

They had been dating off and on since last October, Marjoe's companion of nearly two years, model Lynnda Kimball, having recently moved out. The relationship picked up at Christmas and then he cast the actress in *When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?* A successful off-Broadway play, it is Gortner's first film-producing effort.

Clark admits to having had a mild crush on her new husband since 1972, when she saw the documentary *Marjoe*. One night she and a friend, cruising near a Malibu drugstore, spotted him in a purple Rolls-Royce with a license plate that read "GREED."

"We screamed and yelled and waved," she recalls. "He waved back and drove off real fast. That probably happened to him every day." By then Gortner's attention had shifted from souls to bodies, especially the voluptuous ones he bumped into at pal Hugh Hefner's mansion. Three years later he and Clark met at an L.A. restaurant, had an interesting conver-

sation but saw each other only in passing for the next two years. Then one night last July he encountered Candy again in the same restaurant and asked for her phone number.

"We just gradually grew really close, closer than I'd ever gotten to any other girl," he says. "Candy's extremely bright, brighter than this town thinks. She knows how to handle people, and I respect that, possessing those qualities myself."

Marjoe's ability to handle—some would say manipulate—people dates back to his 15 years touring the Bible Belt. He was 12 when his dad, the Rev. Vernon Gortner, left home, leaving unaccounted for the \$3 million Marjoe's evangelism had reaped. At 16, Marjoe married and became the father of a daughter, Gigi, now 17. That marriage floundered in the '60s; so did Marjoe. Then in 1971 he edged into showbiz, playing himself in his screen autobiography before landing the lead in a TV movie, *The Gun and the Pulpit*, followed by a string of B film roles and TV guest shots.

Long estranged from his family, Marjoe saw his father for the first time in six years last October. When he asked about his father's evangelical church in Escondido, Calif., the elder Gortner replied, "Didn't you see the revolving cross on the roof? How could you miss it?" Marjoe laughs, "He still hasn't forgotten how to promote."

While Marjoe has turned much of his charisma toward business—he charmed \$1.8 million out of Indianapolis shopping center tycoon Mel Simon to finance *Red Ryder*—he still lectures on crowd manipulation and faith healing at colleges. He won't return to preaching—even though "I could be more successful than ever. I could say I had seen Hollywood and now I knew that God was real. They would love to hear me tell them I had sinned."

CONTINUED

In one leap Marjoe Gortner became a producer and found a wife in his *Red Ryder* co-star, Candy Clark, on location in Fabens.

Photographs by Mark Sennet/Camera 5



Clark gained fame as a drive-in dish in *American Graffiti*, above. Gortner's moment came earlier, preaching hell, damnation and the joys of the collection plate on the evangelical circuit 30 years ago.



CouplesCONTINUED

Candice June Clark was raised a relatively sedate Southern Baptist in Fort Worth, Texas. "We didn't like those Holy Rollers," she recalls. The eldest of five children of parents divorced when she was 10, Candy helped raise her brothers. "I still iron a great shirt," she says. Her interest in having children is only just returning. "I diapered so many behinds and bottled so many mouths, I needed a 15-year rest."

At a trade high school in Fort Worth, she studied secretarial skills, but her school career was *Graffiti* personified—"All it was good for was socializing." She never even bothered to pick up her diploma. She moved to New York at 18, living at first on 50 cents a day ("one day cigarettes, one day food for me and one day food for my

cat") before working as a secretary.

A photographer suggested modeling. (Candy winces: "You should have seen me! I thought I was Twiggy incarnate.") She was finally hired by the Zoli agency, which persuaded her to restore her blond hair to its original brown, and she began appearing in *Mademoiselle* and *Glamour*.

That led to a crowd scene in *Who Is Harry Kellerman?* ("I wanted to get a close look at Dustin Hoffman") and ul-

Disco-ing is one pastime; Marjoe is teaching Candy to ride horses, shoot (cactus, mostly) and take pictures too.



timately a screen test for *Fat City*. She got the part—plus leading man Jeff Bridges for most of three years.

Graffiti brought her an Academy Award nomination in 1974. She lost Oscar but caught hepatitis on a promotion trip to South America. The illness cost her six months, a part in *Report to the Commissioner* and, she estimates, nearly \$50,000.

The Man Who Fell to Earth with David Bowie brought Candy her first nude scene. *Handle with Care* and *The Big Sleep*—both critical successes and commercial duds—followed. In *Red Ryder*, which was wrapped in May, she plays a '60s flower child to Gortner's bullying drifter. While he is in the throes of editing and cutting, the newlyweds have moved into Marjoe's L.A. hilltop home, using one wing as production headquarters.

A friend who didn't yet know Clark and Gortner were married predicted their romance wouldn't outlive the *Ryder* shooting. Gortner himself jokes, "This marriage might last six or eight months." She ripostes, "I'm going to pick his brain while it lasts." But he adds seriously, "Many people in this town are jealous when they see a good relationship because *they're* not happy." Candy doesn't mind a little envy. "I'll bet all Marjoe's old girlfriends got so mad when they found out we were married."

LOIS ARMSTRONG

"Kind of sedentary" once, Candy divides her passion between jet skiing and Marjoe: "He looks like a centaur. I'm drooling."



Marjoe and his German short-haired pointer, Sweetie, now have a new mistress in the L.A. bachelor digs.



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SEQUEL

A PHOTOGRAPHER REDISCOVERS THE SURVIVORS OF JERUSALEM'S BLOODY FALL IN 1948



With a grenade wound in his left shoulder, 10-year-old Refael Hanoch stared blankly at the camera from his hospital bed in May 1948. "The boy's face bothered me later," says Phillips. "I was positive he would end up in an asylum." Phillips was wrong. Today Refael (right) is in charge of telephone repairs in Jerusalem



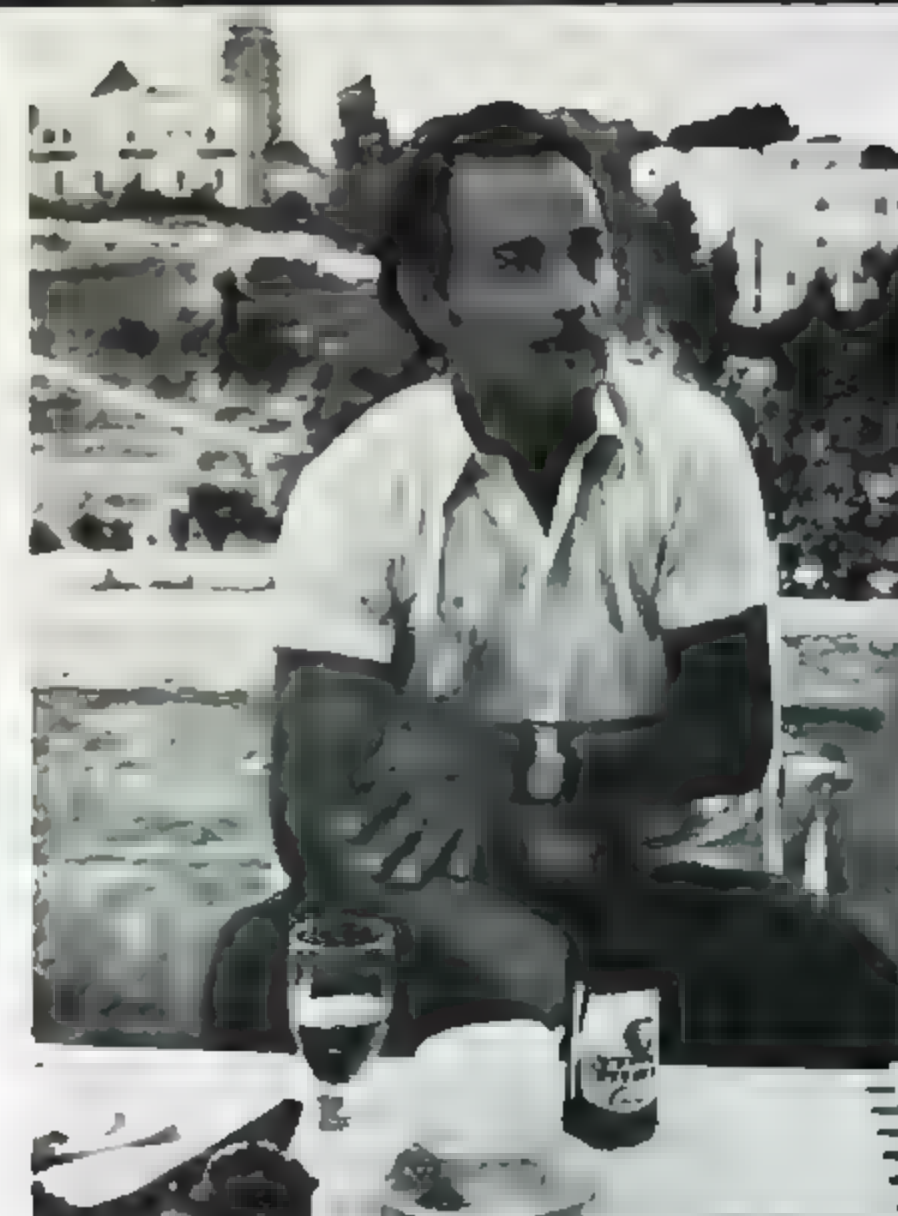
At his photo exhibit in Washington, D.C., John Phillips points out one of the Israeli fighters captured by the Arabs in 1948.

In May 1948, the new nation of Israel had just been born and the Arabs were on the attack. Veteran LIFE photographer John Phillips was assigned to the crack Arab Legion and covered Israel's first and most galling defeat: the fall of the Old City of Jerusalem.

The brutal 10-day siege of the Jewish Quarter, in which 150 Israeli defenders tried to hold out against some 400 Arabs, left Phillips with memories that have not faded in 30 years. "Everything was burning," he recalls. "The smell of death—that sick, sweet smell—was absolutely everywhere."

But more than the dead, it was his photographs of the survivors that haunted him. What, he sometimes wondered, ever became of the terrified 7-year-old girl (page 87) who grimaced like a hunted animal as she fled down a burning street in search of her parents?

In 1975 Phillips returned to Jerusalem to find the answers. Aided by his Italian-born wife, Anna Maria, he ultimately tracked down 51 of the people he had photographed. An exhibit of his old and new pictures, called "A Will to Survive," was mounted at the Israel Museum in Jerusalem and drew an estimated 500,000 visitors. Since



Photographs ©1976, 1977 by John Phillips from *A Will to Survive*

CONTINUED

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Meir Alcotzer, a survivor, is the only one of the 51 survivors Phillips traced who has never married. Captured by the Arabs 30 years ago, Meir returned to the City in 1967 and has become a butcher.

Sequel CONTINUED

then it has been seen in New York and Washington, and will open in Chicago's Maurice Spertus Museum in September.

The 63-year-old Phillips, who has published a book with the same title as the exhibit, had to smuggle out his original film through Jordan. "The Arabs," he says, "suddenly realized that the destruction of Jerusalem was very, very bad for their image."

What impressed Phillips about the Israeli survivors, who range from Israel's present ambassador to France to a pastry cook, was that, despite the carnage and horror, most lead normal lives today. At the time the Holy City fell some were consumed by guilt. "Militarily," says Phillips, "they couldn't have defended it. But emotionally they just couldn't give it up. They were idealists."

Phillips himself is more pragmatic. The son of a Welsh-born landowner in Algiers and an American mother, he moved to France with his family in 1926. There John, then aged 12, began accompanying his father to the Café du Dôme. "I remember seeing Hemingway and Picasso," says Phillips. "If I had just had a camera then I never would have had to work again. Practically all the drunks turned out to be the leading



artists of the 20th century."

Two years later he took up photography, and by 1936 he was shooting pictures for LIFE. "I was always sent where there was violence," he says. "I covered World War II, the Greek Civil War and the war in Algeria." Phillips' nomad life-style—he worked in more than 35 countries—took its toll on his personal life. He clicked his way through three marriages before he and Anna Maria were wed in 1959 and settled on Long Island. "Photographers," says Phillips, "are a bunch of loners."

MARY VESPI
CONTINUED

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The Coleman® Classic: It goes up like a breeze, stays up in a gale.

Before you buy any tent, compare the Coleman Classic against the crowd. (At a campground, it'll be the one that goes up so fast.)

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just "floor space" (Sloping walls can reduce it.) See how the Classic gives lots of headroom, clear out to the wall.

Next, grab a handful of the rugged sidewall fabric. It's spun polyester for added strength and less weight. And like all Coleman tents, it's flame resistant. Give those double lap-felled seams a healthy tug. That's the feel of *quality*!

Check the Classic's triangular windows. They'll catch every breeze and assure cross-ventilation.

Notice that the weather flaps zip-up tight from inside. That's a difference you'll appreciate in a drizzle.

The Classic even has a threshold that helps keep out leaves and dirt.



A tent is one of the biggest investments a camper makes. So invest in one that'll go with you for years! Go with a Classic or one of our six other Coleman designs.

Remember: Coleman equipment can come in handy in storms, blizzards and power losses too.

The great outdoors
is too good to miss.

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Sequel CONTINUED



Separated from her parents and twin sister, a petrified Rachel Levy, 7, fled the Arabs and flames and was one of the first to reach safety in New Jerusalem. There she was reunited with her family and today is raising three children of her own.



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Coleman® Bags: Shop for details like these and rest easy.

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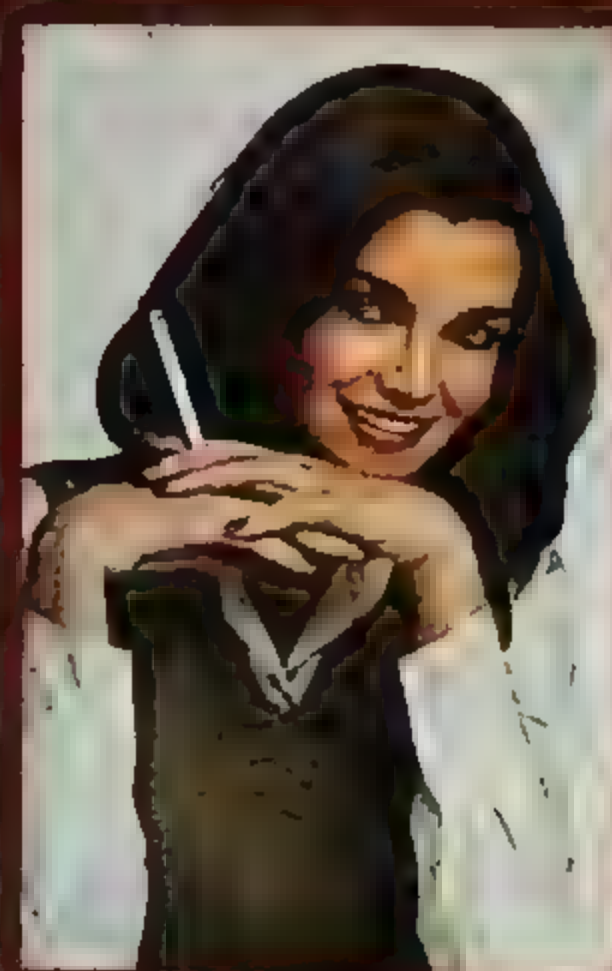
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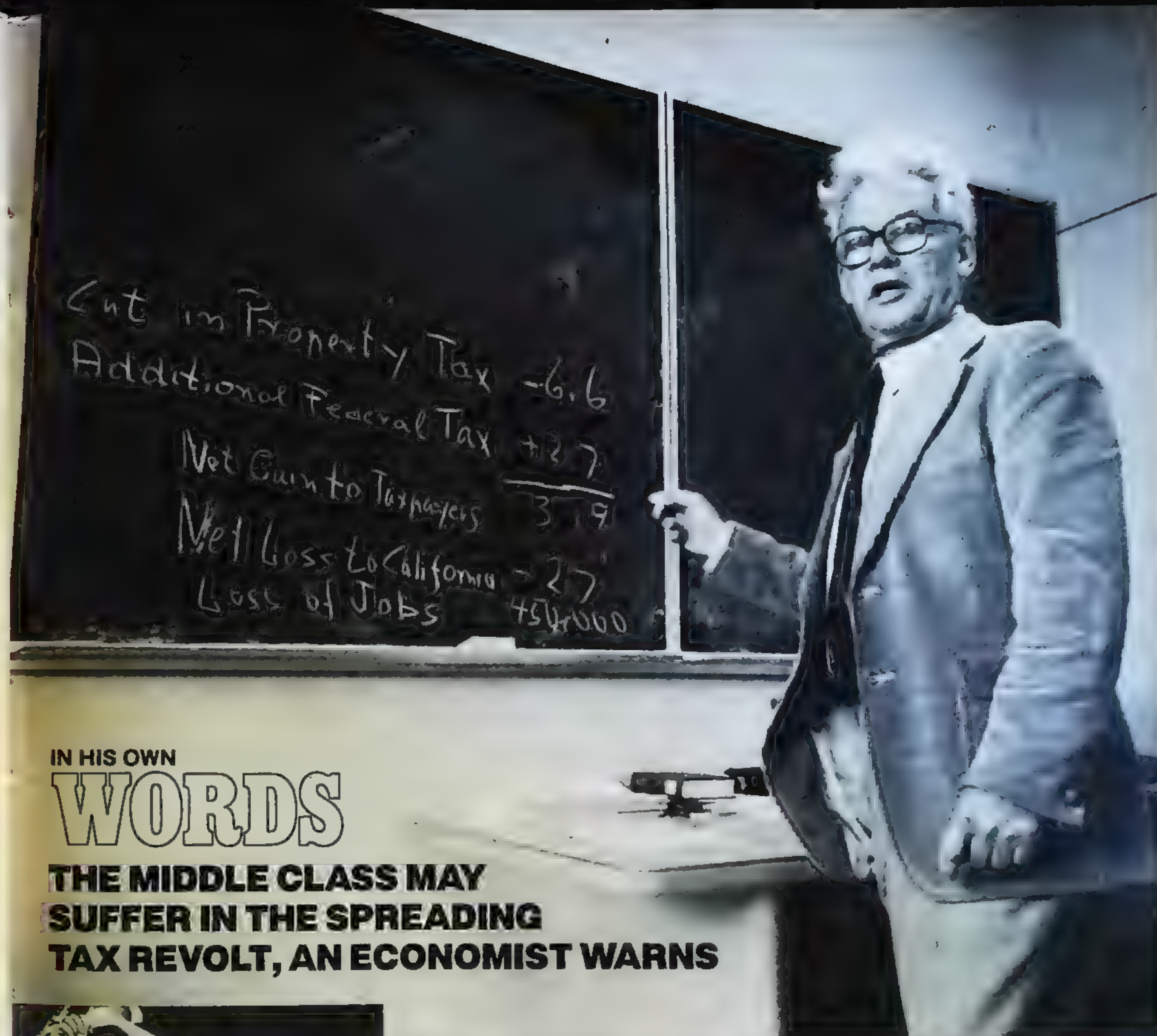
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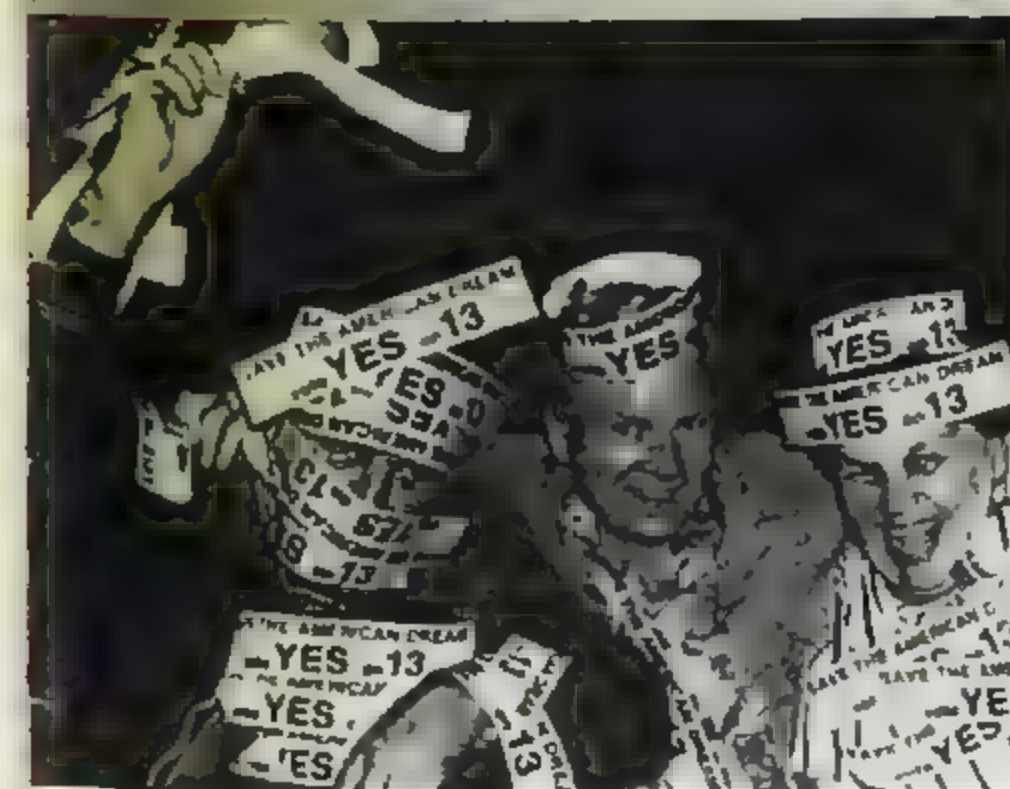
Kent Kings: 12 mg. tar, 1.0 mg. nicotine; Kent 100's: 14 mg. tar, 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method



IN HIS OWN

WORDS

THE MIDDLE CLASS MAY SUFFER IN THE SPREADING TAX REVOLT, AN ECONOMIST WARNS



California voters celebrate passage of the constitutional amendment that will cut property taxes 57 percent. But economist Richard Musgrave, using UCLA figures, notes the IRS will pick up \$2.7 billion because of reduced federal deductions, and 450,000 public jobs may be lost.

"It's like that two-by-four you're supposed to use to hit a mule to get its attention," said California's senior U.S. senator, Alan Cranston. He was talking about Proposition 13, an amendment to his state's constitution, which 64.6 percent of the voters approved in a stunning tax revolt. Beginning July 1, unless successfully challenged in the courts, it will roll back property taxes by 57 percent and cut revenues from \$12 billion to \$5 billion annually. A fascinated witness to California's turmoil is Harvard economist Richard A. Musgrave, 67, currently a visiting professor at Berkeley. German-born and a graduate of Heidel-

berg, Musgrave came to the U.S. in 1933 and got his M.A. and Ph.D. at Harvard. He has taught at Swarthmore, Michigan, Johns Hopkins and Princeton, and written three major books on public finance. His British-born wife and collaborator, Peggy, is a distinguished economist herself and is also teaching temporarily at Berkeley. Richard Musgrave talked about Proposition 13 and its nationwide significance with Nancy Faber of PEOPLE.

Why are taxpayers so angry?

Property values have increased more rapidly than prices in general. A house worth \$30,000 five years ago is

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Words CONTINUED

now valued at \$100,000, and the tax on it has increased from \$600 a year to \$2,300. What local governments failed to do was cut the tax rate. The increase in revenue permitted a lot of expansion of public services without giving people a chance to vote on them. People resented it.

Is this ballooning of tax revenue also true at the state level?

Yes. As incomes rise, so does the amount collected on state income taxes. In California the government has a \$5 billion surplus which has never been used to reduce taxes. It's not that the state doesn't want to, but the governor and the legislators quarrel on how to cut them. People are angry about this too.

Hasn't the cost of government been skyrocketing?

We are at the end of a period of great expansion in local and state government. It started in the '50s and '60s in an effort to catch up on delays in public services during World War II and to cope with the postwar baby boom. As government services grew, so did unionization of public employees. All of this took place against the background of a new social consciousness toward the needs of low-income people for all kinds of public assistance. To a considerable degree I think the

vote for Proposition 13 has as much to do with a backlash against the radicalism of the 1960s as with property taxes.

Is there a sense that public services are getting worse while taxes go higher?

This has something to do with it. But I'm not sure whether public services are actually getting less efficient, or whether government is doing a lot of things which important groups in the population don't approve of—such as reorienting school budgets to assist low-income or minority people and setting up welfare programs. These functions may have been viewed favorably once, but they aren't now.

How broad-based is the tax revolt?

It wasn't just the small homeowners who got angry. There must have been substantial support from renters. The vote was against both rising property taxes and expanding government.

Have civil servants' wages risen too high?

Labor costs in the public sector have greatly increased in the last 15 years. Back then government wages were clearly below those in private industry. But public sector wages have been pushed up by unions and now may be

higher than those in the private sector. The increases probably went further than they should have.

Are workers less efficient?

I don't think so generally, but it is true that public employment policy today is more open to hiring minorities and others who have been disadvantaged in schooling and work experience. This may have some effect on efficiency, but I think as part of the country's social development, it is good on balance.

Are municipal unions to blame because inefficient workers cannot be fired?

I have serious doubts about the role of unions in public employment. The function of unions in private enterprise is to get employees fair wages relative to profits. This simply does not apply to public employees. It is a different situation altogether when unions can hold up essential services like garbage collection. This is socially not acceptable. Union policy has overreached itself in public employment and some correction is needed.

Do you blame the voters in California for approving Proposition 13? Would you have voted for it?

I cannot vote in California, but I would

CONTINUED

Photographs by Michael Alexander



For excitement, he collects stamps.

He's Dana Stetser. Architect. Skyscraper builder.

And when he's not building buildings, he likes to build something else. His stamp collection.

"Design is part of my life," says Dana, "and some of the most fascinating designs I've ever seen are in my collection of U.S. Commemoratives."

Through the years, Commemorative stamps have captured the spirit of the people, the places and events that have helped make America, America. There are new issues at your local Post Office every

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U.S. Commemoratives are an easy, affordable way for you to start building your own collection. So start collecting now, with the American Dance Stamps. You'll be building a collection you and your family can share and enjoy for years.

"My son's a collector himself," says Dana, "and maybe someday my grandson will have as much fun collecting stamps as we do."

U.S. Postal Service

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American Dance Stamps (Available April 27)

Collect U.S. Commemoratives. They're fun. They're history. They're America.

Make a miracle.

Joanne and David Brownlee did. They took a desperate child and gave that child hope.

Her name is Cintia.

Even though she lives very far away, she lives close to the Brownlees' hearts.

When Cintia was born, her parents already had eight children. They lived in a two-room hut exposed to the scorching sun and the drenching rains.

Cintia's mother works hard washing clothes, but the little money she earns just isn't enough to feed and clothe her family.

Until the Brownlees came into her life, Cintia had no hope.

Now she has food to eat and clothes to wear. Medical care. And a chance to go to school. Because the Brownlees sponsor her through the Christian Children's Fund. It costs them \$15 a month, but it helps give Cintia so much.

You can make a miracle.

Become a sponsor. You needn't send any money now—you can "meet" the child assigned to your care first.

Just fill out and mail the coupon. You'll receive the child's photograph, background informa-



tion, and detailed instructions on how to write to the child. If you wish to sponsor the child, simply send in your first monthly check or money order for \$15 within 10 days. If not, return the photo and other materials so we may ask someone else to help.

You can give a desperate child hopes and dreams.

And that's a miracle.



For the love of a hungry child.

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Please send my information package today.
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☐ I prefer to send my first payment now, and I enclose my first monthly payment of \$15.
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Statement of income and expenses available on request.

Christian Children's Fund, Inc.

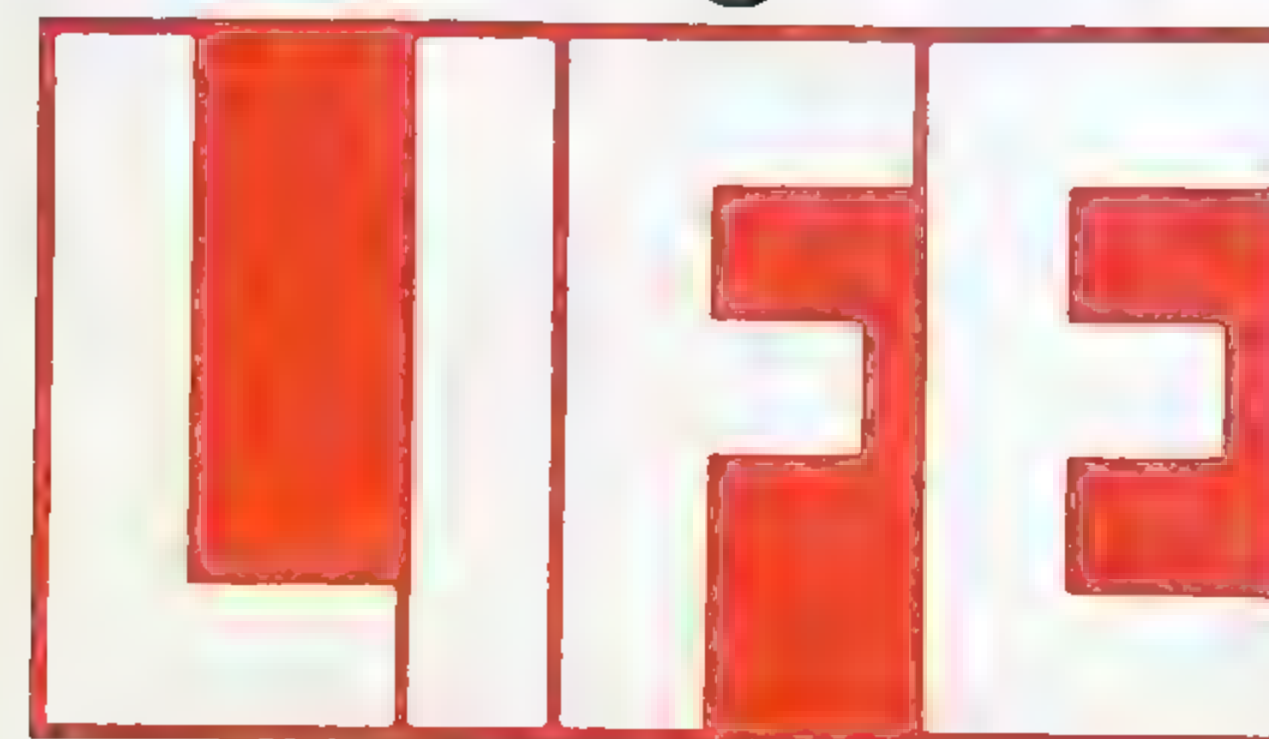


Triumphant leaders of the California tax re-

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LIFE's first issue will be published October, 1978. Please allow 60 days for your order to be filled.

L74011

With property tax increases limited to 2 percent a year and inflation at 8 to 10 percent, this tax will disappear as a significant revenue source in five or 10 years. Fiscal power will move from local governments to the state—something I wouldn't think conservatives want.

What could be the result in one year? In five years?

In one year there will be significant retrenchment in California, but the worst problems will be met by having the state give aid to local governments from its surplus. After that there will be substantial cutbacks in public services, or else the cost will come out of higher state taxes. It remains to be

CONTINUED

So far, nearly three million people have bought his album "The Stranger." His hit song "Just the Way You Are" was a gold record. His recent tours of the U.S., Europe, Australia and Japan were sold-out triumphs.

And his latest hits, "Movin' Out (Anthony's Song)" and "Only the Good Die Young," are bringing him to more people than ever before.

He's Billy Joel. And he's no stranger anymore.

BILLY JOEL THE STRANGER

Including:
Just the Way You Are
Scenes From An Italian Restaurant
Movin' Out (Anthony's Song)
Only the Good Die Young/Vienna



"The Stranger." The classic Billy Joel album. On Columbia Records and Tapes.

Produced by Phil Ramone in association with Home Run. Direction: Home Run.
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Make a miracle.

Joanne and David Brownlee did. They took a desperate child and gave that child hope.

Her name is Cintia.

Even though she lives very far away, she lives close to the Brownlees' hearts.

When Cintia was born, her parents already had eight children. They lived in a two-room hut exposed to the scorching sun and the drenching rains.

Cintia's mother wears old clothes, but the little girl isn't enough to feed all the children.

Until the Brownlees came, Cintia had no hope.

Now she has food to eat, clean clothes to wear. Medical care. At school. Because the Brownlees have taken her through the Christian Children's Fund. It costs them \$15 a month, but they give Cintia so much.

You can make a miracle.

Become a sponsor. Send any money now—"meet" the child assigned to you. Care first.

Just fill out and mail this coupon. You'll receive a photograph, background



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Christian Children's Fund, Inc.



Triumphant leaders of the California tax revolt are Paul Gann (left), 66, a lobbyist, and retired industrialist Howard Jarvis, 75.

Words CONTINUED

have voted "No." I understand why they supported it, but I think it was ill-considered. The movement would have been fine if it had been done in a more reasonable fashion.

Do you expect a ripple effect across the country?

Yes, I think passage will give great strength to legislation that proposes to limit automatic revenue gains from inflation and that makes budget policy more responsive to the people. Most states thinking about such legislation have provisions that make more sense than Proposition 13.

Will Proposition 13 have to be changed in the future?

Yes, because of the way it was written. Any future tax hike requires the consent of two-thirds of the voters—which is almost impossible to get. With property tax increases limited to 2 percent a year and inflation at 8 to 10 percent, this tax will disappear as a significant revenue source in five or 10 years. Fiscal power will move from local governments to the state—something I wouldn't think conservatives want.

What could be the result in one year? In five years?

In one year there will be significant retrenchment in California, but the worst problems will be met by having the state give aid to local governments from its surplus. After that there will be substantial cutbacks in public services, or else the cost will come out of higher state taxes. It remains to be

CONTINUED

You oughta know by now...



So far, nearly three million people have bought his album "The Stranger." His hit song "Just the Way You Are" was a gold record. His recent tours of the U.S., Europe, Australia and Japan were sold-out triumphs.

And his latest hits, "Movin' Out (Anthony's Song)" and "Only the Good Die Young," are bringing him to more people than ever before.

He's Billy Joel. And he's no stranger anymore.

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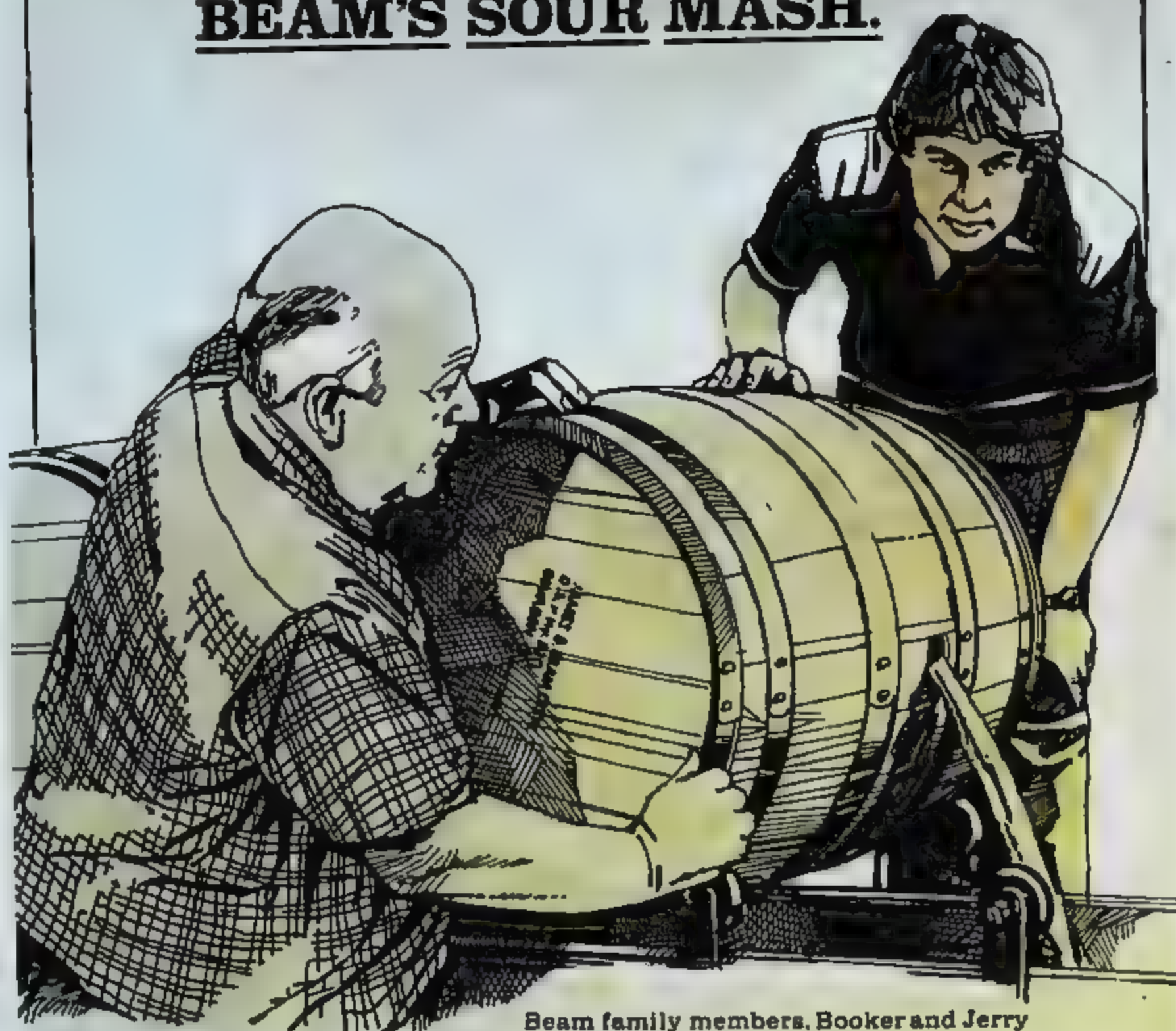
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Just the Way You Are
Scenes From An Italian Restaurant
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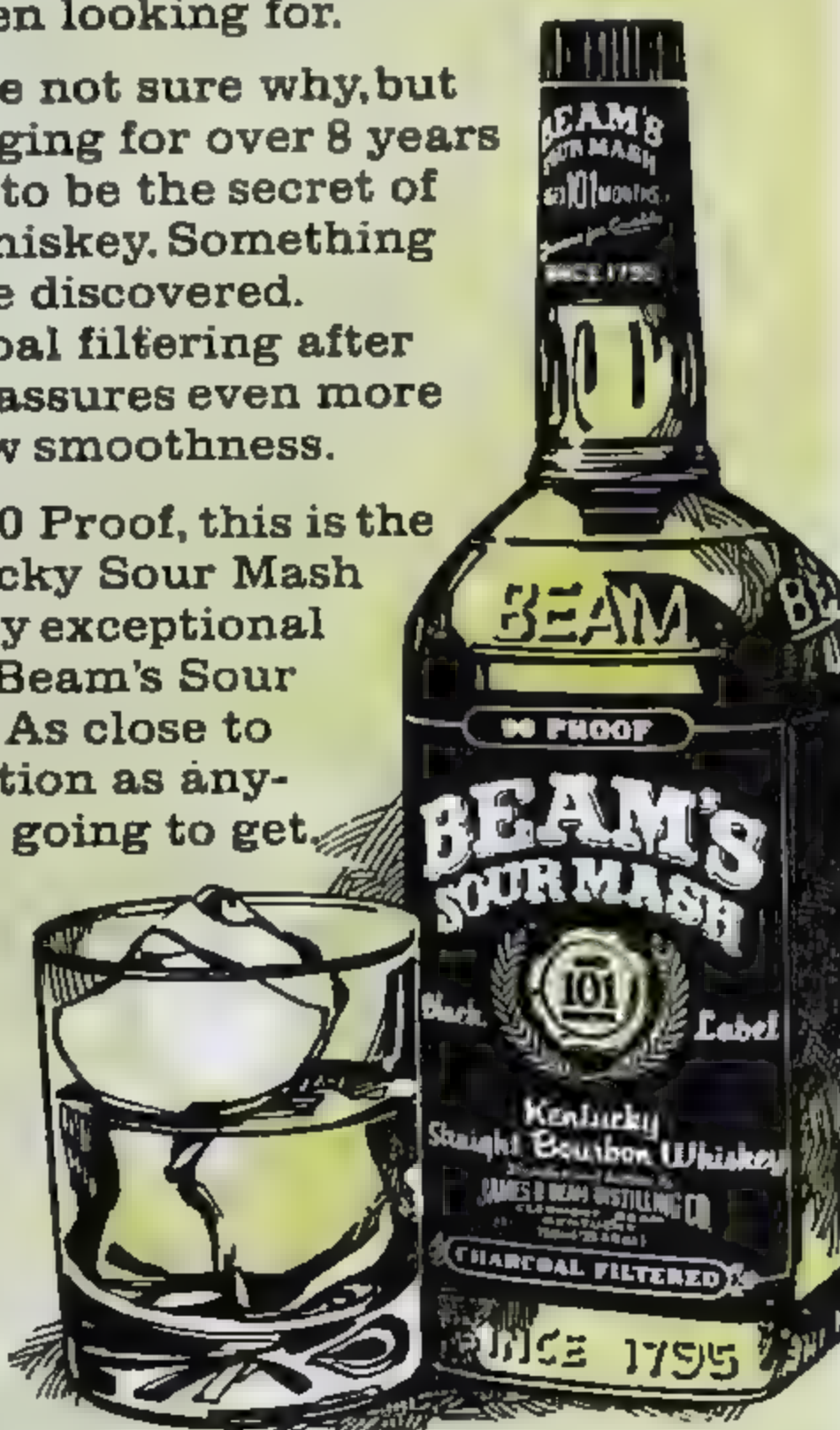
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SOUR MASH...
TASTE IS WHY**

90-Proof. Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey.
Distilled and Bottled by The James B. Beam Distilling Co. Clermont, Beam Ky



Moves to limit taxes or spending are rolling in 37 states. Doan Weaver, 30, is collecting signatures for Taxpayers United in Michigan.

Words CONTINUED

seen whether cutbacks in summer schools and youth programs and possible delays in welfare payments—as the state moves its money around—will cause another Watts situation.

Why are people clobbering their local governments, which are presumably more responsive to their needs?

One reason is that the local property tax is highly visible and highly irritating. Each year people are told what their property tax is, and they have to pay it then and there. Sales taxes are taken from people in little bites, and for many the income tax is paid almost entirely by withholding. At a local level people are also better able to see what's going on in government, and it is easier to express outrage and dissatisfaction.

What will be the impact on the income taxes of the middle class?

They might go up. Half of the property tax reduction goes to business-type real estate, not to homeowners. Nothing more can come out of corporate profit tax, which is already quite high in California. So the new taxes will have to be paid by moderate-income families.

What is likely to be the political effect of this taxpayers' revolt?

Politics is moving to the right—not just to conservatism but to right-wing radicalism. It may prove as bad an experience as the left-wing radicalism of the 1960s.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 99

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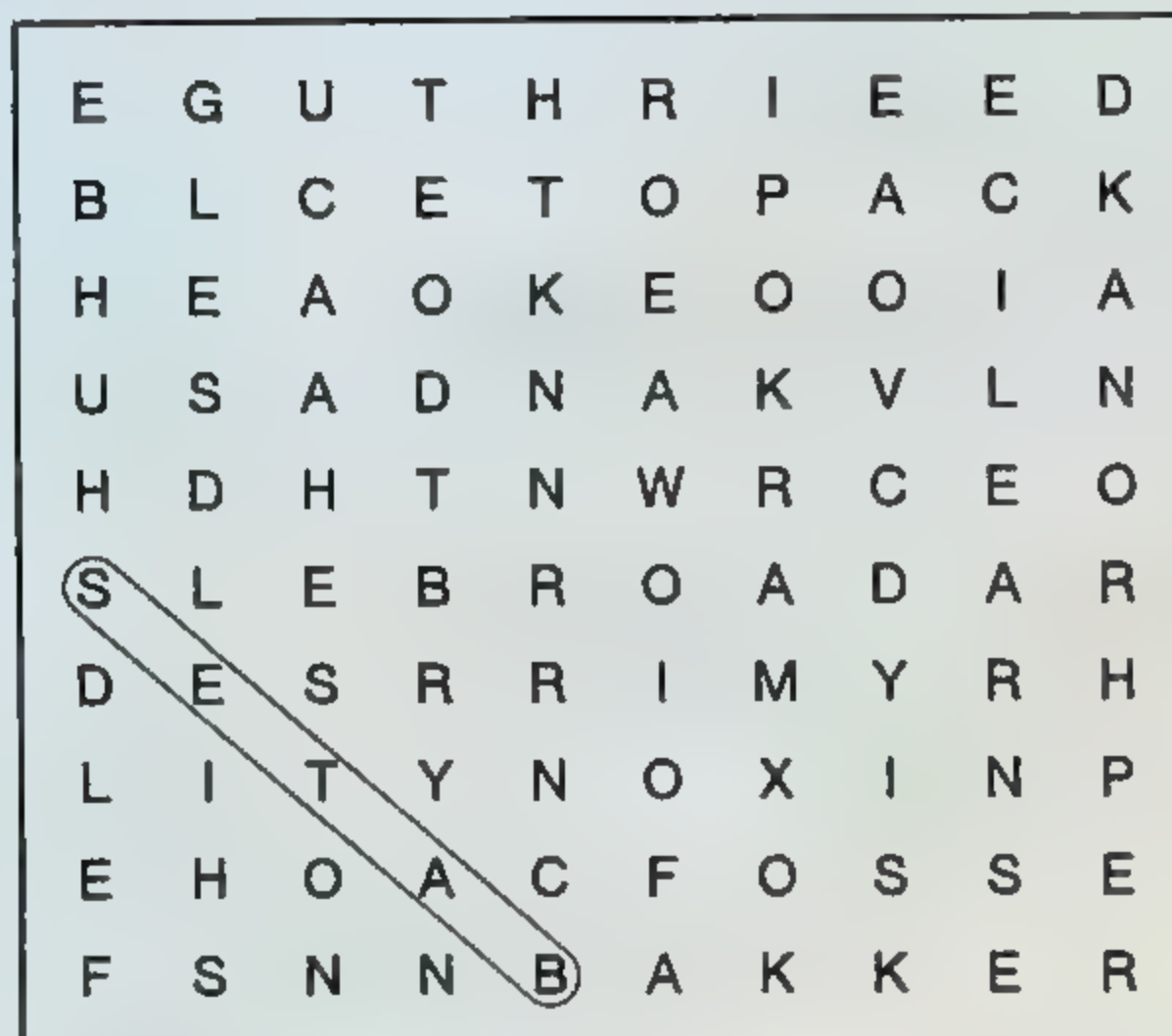
By Gerard Mosler

The names of 20 prominent people, current and historical, are hidden in the maze of letters. How many can you find by consulting the brief clues? The names read forward, backward, up, down or diagonally, are always in a straight line and never skip letters. We have started

you off by circling BATES, the answer to 1 in the diagram. The names may overlap and letters may be used more than once, but not all of the letters will be used. Super PEOPLE sleuths should be able to identify 15 or more names. Answers next week.

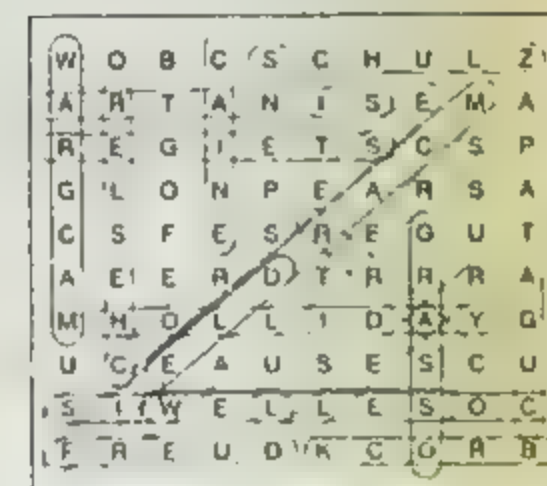
Clues

1. Loves unmarried women
2. Dutch queen (to) bee
3. Dancin' man
4. Hard-F.I.S.T.ed mafioso
5. Charlie girl
6. Duke on the mend
7. She's no backseat driver
8. Tiny terror
9. Up with boys in the trees
10. A Green collaborator
11. Mrs. Woodstein
12. Joan of Art
13. Party girl of the ERA
14. Prettiest baby
15. Carson of Christendom
16. Sword Crosser
17. Too *tovah* to be true
18. Clo(w)ning of a man?
19. Reverse discriminator
20. First Kissed Kate



Answers to June 19 Puzzle

1. Lear 2. Scorsese 3. Field
4. Lewis 5. Holliday 6. Carr
7. McArdle 8. Chester
9. Walters 10. Cugat
11. Grasso 12. Brock
13. Welles 14. Steiger 15. Freud
16. Cosell 17. Sinatra 18. Caine
19. MacGraw 20. Schulz



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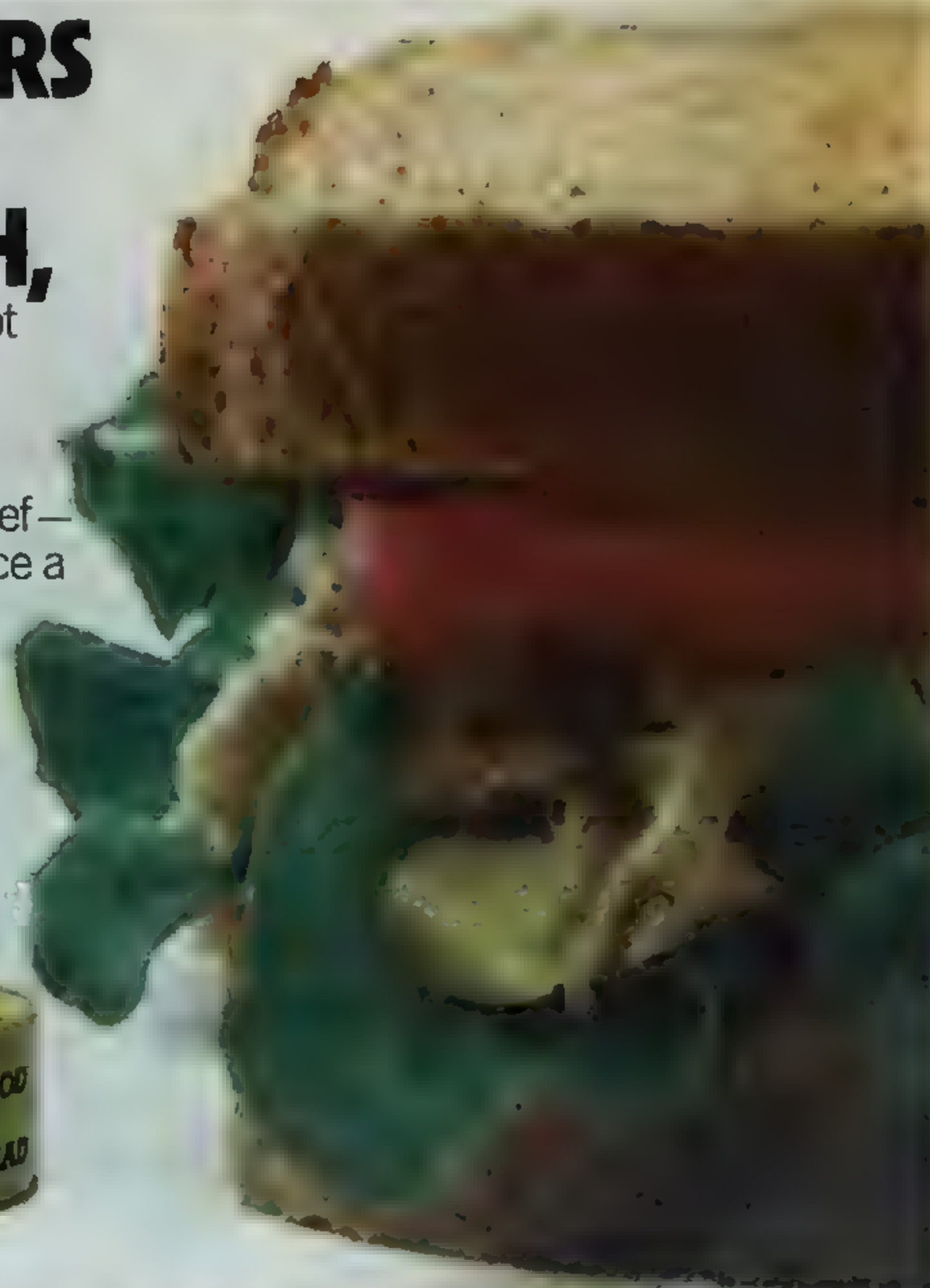
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Words CONTINUED

Are there any model programs that point toward breakthrough solutions?

One of the most common approaches to limiting fiscal expansion is the notion that government revenues should increase as income increases—but not faster. This is the course now being taken in Massachusetts. It means that the share of increased revenues going to public use is fixed. Inflation would not boost this share as it has tended to over the past 10 years.

Paul Gann, co-sponsor of Proposition 13, says, "Government has tried to become uncle, mother and father and we simply cannot afford it anymore." Will you comment?

If we are to live peacefully with each other, then we have to accept that society can no more function without public services than it can without private enterprise. Those who are better off have to help those who are disadvantaged. It worries me that much of the support for tax cuts does not come from people who have legitimate complaints, but from people who feel, wrongly I think, that there is no need for a governmental role in a good society.

Do Americans expect too much from government—federal, state and local?

They should expect a lot and get their money's worth. But they shouldn't expect government to easily solve problems which have no easy solutions. In many cases government is left with the toughest problems. They won't go away. □

Musgrave and economist wife Peggy bird-watch in Berkeley. Musgrave fears tax cuts may reduce funds for parks and wildlife.



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GOLD MEDAL

21 YEARS YOUNG, THE O'JAYS ARE TURNING UP THE JUICE AND FEELING 'SO FULL OF LOVE'



Eddie Levert (left), Sammy Strain and Walt Williams fret about touring. Figures Eddie: "You make money but you lose a lot."



Wife Martha and daughter Kandice belong at home, says Ed, an unregenerate m.c.p. But can Pop cope with French toast?

Perhaps the most outlandish moment during the current Big Sell of *Grease* came when the O'Jays popped up on the hokey *Grease Day, USA* TV special. The sweet-singing R&B trio isn't in the movie and doesn't even do a guest shot on the sound track. But Paramount knows where the gold—and platinum—is buried. The O'Jays' current *So Full of Love* LP and *Use ta Be My Girl* single are twin No. 1s on the soul charts and both are climbing into the pop Top Ten. So a Learjet, no less, was dispatched to fly in the gang for the *Grease* promotion. "We've never had this kind of lavish treatment before," says vocalist and founder Eddie Levert. "You know something good must be happening to us."

Actually, the O'Jays, all in their mid-30s, have more to do with the sound of the 1950s than any made-in-Hollywood imitation. The group has been together since 1957, outlasting even the Drifters and withstanding the depredations of disco. Their total of five gold and three platinum LPs is so awesome that when two recent albums only went gold, "Everyone thought our career was declining," laughs Levert.

Just two years ago the future of the O'Jays was in jeopardy when one of the original members, Will Powell, was stricken with cancer. (He died last May.) Powell was replaced by Sammy Strain, a veteran of a dozen years with another oldie, Little Anthony and the Imperials. Then, too, the group's six-month touring schedule, often through the South, brought further problems. Last year the O'Jays' customized bus was stopped near Memphis by shotgun-toting lawmen with a warrant for a man who wasn't even aboard.

It all began for the O'Jays in Canton, Ohio when Levert, the church-singing son of a steel mill worker who also sang gospel, dropped out of McKinley H.S. to form a doo-wah group called the Mascots. They moved to Cleveland and in 1961 took their name from Eddie O'Jay, a radio disc jockey who had been their early sponsor. They played on the chitlins circuit for \$25 a night until the hit records started to come, beginning with *Lipstick Traces* in 1963. They then got entangled with Philadelphia songwriter-producers Kenny Gamble and Leon Huff, who wrote their

Love Train and *Backstabbers* hits.

"They're great producers," says Eddie, "but we realize now that we've got to do more of our own writing."

Levert and Williams still reside within five minutes of each other in the upper-income Cleveland suburb of Shaker Heights. (Strain commutes from L.A., where he lives with his singer wife, Yvonne Fair, and her 13-year-old daughter, Venisha.) Walt and his wife,



Evil isn't a problem for the O'Jays, now selling 100,000 albums a week. "The Lord is watching over us," says Sammy Strain (center).

Nancy, have three daughters: Dwan, 7, and twins Seandra and Shalawn, 4. Eddie and his wife of 14 years, Martha, have three children of their own—Gerald, 13, Sean, 9, and Kandice, 3—in addition to Eddie Jr., 14, his son "by a previous adventure." Levert also dotes on his Mercedes and a \$49,000 Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow. "It's more of an ego trip, a nice car that doesn't work. I should have gotten a VW."

The irony of the O'Jays' present success is that increased touring forces them up against aerophobia. Williams was so shaken by the Learjet ride into L.A. that when the group hit the unfriendly skies again he asked to be returned to the terminal—while the plane was taking off. The request was turned down, so, when finally land-borne, the sulking Williams disappeared on an unscheduled fishing trip.

"Walt is my best friend," says Eddie, "yet sometimes he's just full of it. At least he shows up for the gigs." Music, indeed, is what's lasted two decades. "Our roots are black, our roots are gospel," declares Williams. Levert buys that. "Instead of reaching out for the white audience," he beams, "we let them come to us. And it looks like that's what's happening."

RICHARD K. REIN

Photographs by Bruce W. Talamon/Soul Publications

FOR A
SONG

CHATTER

In Vino Veritas A gloomy Norman Maller, speaking in Harvard Yard at his 35th reunion, yearned for "wonderfully simple" 1943. His 83-year-old mother had given him a tip on reunion speechmaking: "Reminisce. That's all they care about." "Yeah, Mom," said Maller, "but I drank too much in my life. I can't remember much." When a hostile listener asked Maller, "Why does a cafe-society writer think he knows anything about what goes on in the world?" Maller said he'd always wanted to be a member of cafe society, thanks, and added, "I always felt there was no knowledge except what you could find in drink." What advice would he have for this year's graduating class? "Study magic."



Norman Maller:
Golden daze

Splitcom Are happy marriages passé? ABC has just finished filming a pilot about an amicably divorced couple who work together (sometimes clamorously). It stars those happy warriors George Hamilton and his ex, Alana, divorced now for a blissful 20 months. Their split, chums say, was sweet-natured, with George driving off the yellow and blue Rolls and Alana keeping the white one, along with son Ashley, now 3, and a pile of dough. The couple seemed perfect for the "living serial." The day of the first script meeting, however, George showed up but Alana didn't. Convinced she was still having some fun in London with new beau Rod Stewart, George (currently seeing starlet Barbara Carrera) stomped off the set, vowing never to return. Alana insists her passport and plane ticket were stolen. In no time at all the tempestuous twosome was hard at work, cooing disharmoniously, as scripted.



Betty Hutton:
On with the show

Silver Spooning Romance is rampant among the junior jet set, or so the Riviera rumors go. Greek shipowner Stavros Niarchos has reportedly cast his blessing on the autumn wedding of his journalist daughter Maria, 19 (she works for French *Vogue*), and French pharmaceuticals heir Alexis Chevasus, 36. Chevasus, a sidekick of Princess Caroline's intended, Philippe Junot, will be a groomsman in their royal wedding next week



Manuela Papatakis:
A Niarchos cruise



in Monaco. Big brother Philippe Niarchos, 27, meanwhile is wooing actress Anouk Alméé's daughter, Manuella Papatakis, 25, while five-times-wed Papa Stavros, 68, is seeing ultrachic interior designer Tessa Kennedy. There are no plans for her to be No. 6. The epicenter of the Niarchos subculture is *Atlantis*, one of the world's largest yachts (375 feet, 3,000 tons). It was anchored out in Cannes harbor during the film festival, a helicopter ferrying Niarchos' buddies between ship and shore. Passing cruise liners looked positively frumpish.

There's No Business Betty Hutton, the movies' blond bombshell of the '40s and '50s (*Annie Get Your Gun*), has surfaced again, at 57, this time as hostess and hawk at a jailal fronton in Newport, R.I. It's a far cry from her last gig—cooking and cleaning at St. Anthony's rectory up the road in Portsmouth. "I want to be in show business," she explains. The other day she hopped aboard a bus full of alarmed Congregationalists from Vermont and announced, "I'm Betty Hutton!" They seemed stunned. "They didn't believe me," says Betty. "I had to do a whole Irving Berlin score for them."

Furthermore

- Philadelphia Mayor Frank Rizzo, like hizzoners all over the winter-torn Northeast, is fed up with complaints about potholes. The other day, to divert the protesters toward state officials, he made a great to-do of announcing the phone number of the Pennsylvania highway department and having it painted on more than 500 signs. He redirected the torrent all right—not to the state but to North Philadelphia housewife Willa Duncan. The signs are being repainted.
- The Clean Air Initiative, a group agitating to separate smokers from nonsmokers in public places, thought up a nifty fund-raising idea: Why not book L.A.'s Greek Theater for Barry Manilow's opening night in August? Barry thought not. Although he doesn't smoke himself, he apparently doesn't want to weed out any potential record buyers by offending those who do.

Barry Manilow:
No nonsmoking

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